

Highlights

THE MONTHLY BOOK

February
1960

for Children

fun

Braille System For blind boy

Indians 12-13

Shooting Stars 22-23

London 24

Washington 25

Things you've wondered about 29

with a purpose

Offenbach 35

Hello!



Highlights for Children

This book of wholesome fun is dedicated to helping children grow in basic skills and knowledge, in creativeness, in ability to think and reason, in sensitivity to others, in high ideals and worthy ways of living—for CHILDREN are the world's most important people.

Awarded
The 1958 Brotherhood
certificate of recognition
by
The National Conference
of Christians and Jews

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[illegible]

Next year I will be seven
And my father thirty-three.
Yet, counting up our birthdays,
He's had just two more than me!
How can it be?

This chart is to guide parents and teachers in selecting features from this issue which will prove most helpful to each particular child.

A Guide for Parents and Teachers

What Is Emphasized

Page	Preparation for Reading	Easy Reading	More Advanced Reading	Manners, Conduct, Living With Others	Health and Safety	Moral or Spiritual Values	Appreciation of Music and Other Arts	Nature and Science	Our Country, Other Lands and Peoples	Stimulation To Think and Reason	Stimulation To Create
3 Find the Pictures	✓									✓	
5 Editorial			✓	✓							
6 Elisha and Haylift			✓								
8 Louis Braille			✓						✓		
10 Verses—Riddles		✓	✓							✓	
11 Hidden Pictures	✓	✓								✓	
12 The Big Dipper		✓							✓		
14 The Timbertoes	✓	✓									
15 Valentine Mystery			✓								
16 Crossword Puzzle			✓							✓	
17 Helen Knew Why		✓									
18 Bible Story			✓			✓					
19 Fun With Phonics	✓	✓	✓							✓	
20 The Inside Story			✓								
22 Shooting Stars			✓					✓			
24 The Turtle			✓						✓		
25 George Washington			✓						✓		
26 Calico Whitesox			✓								
28 Goofus and Gallant	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓						
29 Things Wondered About			✓					✓			
30 Tricks and Teasers		✓	✓							✓	
31 The Bear Family	✓	✓	✓	✓	✓						
32 Our Own Page		✓	✓								✓
33 Sammy Spivens			✓	✓							
35 Jacques Offenbach			✓				✓				
37 Brain Teasers	✓	✓	✓							✓	
38 Jokes—Finger Fun		✓	✓							✓	
39 For Wee Folks	✓	✓								✓	
40 Let's Make These			✓								✓
42 Headwork	✓	✓	✓							✓	
43 For the Birds			✓								✓

★ This star seen at the bottom of many pages indicates a footnote to parents and teachers.

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These children have learned to take their turn.



Let's Talk Things Over

When you go to the post office to buy stamps or mail a package, some other people may be there for the same purpose. The person who arrives at the window first is the first one to be waited on, the second one arriving is the second to be waited on, and so on. Without being told by anybody, all the persons wishing to be waited on take their place in line.

When you arrived, you stood at the end of the line and waited for your turn. Nobody in the line pushed or tried to get ahead of anybody else. Big people act that way, and you have learned to do the same. You have also learned to take your turn as you get on a school bus.

By the time children are in the second, third, or fourth grade, most of them as you know do pretty well at taking turns. When a number of children wish to drink at the water fountain, or get food at the cafeteria, they take turns just as big people do at the post office.

Sometimes, however, a child in line at these places will run ahead or push. He does not wait for his turn. None of the other children like him to do this, and the teacher may have to correct his bad way, just as if he were only three years old.

There may be some children in the kindergarten or first grade who have not yet learned well to take turns. They have not been going to school very long. Too, they may not have had good practice at home and on the playground at learning to take turns.

Yet some other children you know, who are

only three, four, or five years old, have learned to take turns at the slide or at the swing.

If you have a baby brother or sister under six, you try to help him learn to take turns at play with other children, indoors or outdoors. You may have to work long and patiently with him. He may have a few playthings which at first he doesn't want any other child to touch. But by and by you find ways to persuade him to let another child play with one thing while he plays with another. Before long he and the other child play together with cart or wagon, or together put up a building with blocks.

Even though you have grown to be so big yourself, you may still have to watch yourself to be sure you wait your turn, especially at talking in the family or in the classroom. Just as a tot of three might want always to be first at the slide, so some children as old as you are may want to be first to be heard. Also they may want to talk so long and so often that other children or big persons can't talk much or at all.

When you and I watch ourselves, we take turns at talking just as we take turns at the water fountain, cafeteria, or post-office window. When we make ourselves wait and take turns at doing or talking, we prove that we are not selfish but are thoughtful of others. It is a sign that we are really growing up.

Garry C. Myers

★ For helping the child who has learned to take turns to be glad he has and other children to wish to do likewise.

Elisha and the Haylift

By Ida R. Gleason

"You want to watch this horse, Terry," Mr. Elisha said when he gave Terry Morris the pinto pony. "He's from the high country and hates being shut in. Airplanes scare him plumb silly. He's mighty smart at opening gates, too. If he gets a chance he's apt to high-tail it up the mountain again."

"Oh, I'll see he doesn't get away, Mr. Elisha," Terry promised eagerly. "Isn't he beautiful with that spotted back? I'll surely take good care of him, and I'll name him after you, because you're my best friend."

Mr. Elisha laughed. "Elisha's quite a name for a horse. Better make it Eli. I figure he can be your pal, because your dad's away so much." Mr. Elisha kept the little eating house near the landing field, where the airline

pilots often stopped for meals before they made their regular flight over the high Rockies.

His pal! Terry spent every minute with the pony, when he was not in the country school or doing chores for Mrs. McGregor. He stayed at the McGregor ranch when his father was traveling.

He brushed Eli's coat until it shone, fed him and rode him every day. He had never been so happy. His own pony! He would never be lonely again.

Eli seemed to return his young master's love, too. He always trotted gladly up any mountain trail into the pines and quaking aspens, but he jerked his head rebelliously when they turned to go back.

"You'll forget how much you like the high country, Eli, when you've been with me long

enough," Terry told him soothingly, though he never could be sure of this.

And then one morning Eli was gone. Terry rubbed his eyes as though he could not trust his own sight. The barnyard was dreadfully empty. Eli must have nudged up the bar on the gate. Never in all his twelve years had anything worse than this happened to Terry.

"Where is he?" he wondered in despair.

Terry started frantically to look for hoofmarks in the new snow. Soon he found them leading straight toward the mountain. Maybe a plane had roared past in the night and scared the pony.

For hours Terry followed the trail, though it was beginning to snow and the going was getting

rough. They would not worry about him at the ranch. They knew he was always riding the horse. At last he lost the tracks and sadly turned back. As he stumbled along he thought miserably about telling Mr. Elisha. He'd better go there first.

When he got to the eating house, he rushed in and blurted out the whole story. Mr. Elisha was putting water into a huge coffee maker. He grunted sympathetically, and waved Terry to a seat.

"Now calm down, youngster. I'll get you something hot to drink. Maybe we can figure a way to find him."

Two young men that Terry had not noticed before got up from seats behind the percolator and put on their jackets. "We'll look for him when we go over the top. A horse ought to show up against this snow," one of them said.

"Sure, Pete'll find him. Pete's the best commercial flyer in the whole country." Mr. Elisha pushed a cup of steaming cocoa to Terry.

That night, Terry did not sleep much. It snowed steadily. Where was Eli?

The next day Pete sent word that they had not seen him but would keep on looking when they came back. The boy got sad-eyed and haggard-looking.

Then one morning Mr. Elisha

had good news. Pete had spotted Eli and another horse in a small sheltered space on the mountain, but there was not much for them to eat, and they were snowed in. The man that had been with Pete, the day Terry had told him about Eli, was a reporter from a big city. Now he was going over with Pete again to see if they could drop a bale of hay to the stranded animals, and he would take pictures to go with a newspaper story. If it worked, maybe kind-hearted people would donate baled hay to feed stranded animals by air when the heavy blizzards came. It made a good story, anyway.

"Do you suppose I could go, too?" Terry asked. "Please let me. Mrs. McGregor would let me. She goes over sometimes herself when they'll take her."

After some managing it was arranged. Terry was whizzing through space. The bale of hay was in the plane, too. Terry watched breathlessly. Then he saw the horses. Eli was there. His spotted color proved that.

Wham! The baled hay sailed through the air, fell and burst open where the horses could get it. The reporter came to sit with Terry.

"They say your horse is named Elisha," he said. "Elisha, you know, was the man in the Bible who was fed by the ravens. Now it's airplanes, not ravens. Boy,

what a story! I'll send you the paper. We'll get all the hay we need."

In a few days the paper came with the black headlines: "Big Haylift Feeds Elisha." It went on to tell about the horse and how he was saved by an airplane instead of ravens. Terry and Mr. Elisha read every word of it. Pledges of hay were coming in now from every place, it seemed.

Two weeks later the thaw started. "We'll get Eli out soon, the men say!" Terry exclaimed. "The whole country is waiting to see him! Do you think he can unlock a padlock? I'm putting a chain on that gate."



7



"Mother and Dad and I are going to the movies tonight. We would like to have you go with us."

"Thanks, Jane. I really would like to go but I promised Mrs. Peck that I would baby-sit for her, and she is counting on me."



Bret: "Mother told me she made a dental appointment for me for right after school today."

Tracy: "Does she still have to do that for you? I've been making my own dental appointments for two years."



★ The "Haylift" story should help anybody have a compassionate feeling for snowbound people and animals.

Louis Braille

The Boy Who Brought Light to the Blind

By Elizabeth Martin
Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson

Strange sounds came to Louis' ears as he walked down the streets of Paris, holding tightly to his father's hand. Wagons rumbling across the cobblestones, and the hoofbeat of horses as they stamped by in the bustling city, were all new to him. It had not been like this in the small quiet village of Coupvrai where he lived.

Monsieur Braille looked down at his ten-year-old son. "Soon we will be there, Louis," he said. Louis nodded his head happily. He was anxious to enter the school the curé had told him so much about.

"You will learn many things there that we cannot teach you at home," the curé had said. Louis had listened intently as the curé told him more about this school for blind boys. To Louis it was as though a new world had opened to him, for he, too, was blind.

Louis had lived in darkness since he was three years old. He had been playing with a sharp instrument in his father's leathershop. Suddenly it had

slipped and gone into his eye. He had lost the sight of that eye and the other eye became infected. Soon Louis knew that he was never to see again.

Louis was an intelligent boy and anxious to learn. He was very happy over the new opportunity open to him at the Paris school. He had heard about the new way of reading by raised letters taught there. "Now," he thought, "I will learn to read."

As Louis and his father entered the school, Louis heard sounds of children playing in the next room—children who were blind like himself. Instantly he began to feel at home.

Then he felt the friendly hand-clasp of the man who introduced himself as Monsieur Valentin Haüy, the founder of the school. Louis felt he was in the presence of a great man, and he was never to forget this moment.

Now Louis began his new life at the school. He soon got over his first homesickness, as he became acquainted with his teachers and comrades and the new surroundings.

How wonderful it seemed to Louis as he sat quietly in his classroom listening to his teacher. There were so many things to learn! Besides his studies such as grammar, history, and geography, Louis was also taught spinning, weaving, basketmaking, and other crafts.

But most important was reading. Louis first learned the alphabet by feeling the letters in raised type. These letters had to be quite large, otherwise it would be impossible for the students to make them out clearly. Because of this, one small book required several large volumes of the raised type.

It was thrilling to Louis to be able to read without eyes, but he was disappointed, too, with this slow way of reading. "There must be a better way," he thought, "and someday I'll find that way."

One day Monsieur Haüy took Louis to a nearby church and introduced him to the organist. "Louis," he said to the organist, "will be your new pupil."

At first the organist thought it impossible to teach a blind pupil, but he soon learned that Louis was an apt student and had a talent for music. The organist would first put Louis' finger on the key, then he would strike the note while Louis listened. Then Louis struck the key. How thrilling it was to the blind boy when the sound came forth from the gigantic organ!

When Louis understood the keyboard, he was able to play back some of the chords the organist had played. After much practice he was able to play simple melodies. His teacher was pleased. "We will make a fine musician out of you yet," he said,

HIGHLIGHTS

Because of Louis Braille's system, blind children today can read and write almost as fast as children who can see. In the Braille alphabet, all letters are formed as different combinations of six raised dots, arranged in two columns. The above arrangement spells HIGHLIGHTS in Braille.

beaming. Life for the blind boy had taken on a new meaning. Though he didn't know it, years later he would become a skilled organist.

As Louis earnestly applied himself to all his studies, he dreamed of finding a new way for the blind to read and also write.

Sometime later, Louis was saddened by the sudden death of his friend and director, Monsieur Haüy. But Louis' dream of a way to help his blind companions was soon to come true, and it was the memory of this man which was to help him in the work that lay ahead for him.

One day the school was visited by a French artillery officer, Charles Barbier, who had developed a new system for sending military orders—a group of raised dots on paper which could be "read" in the dark. When Louis felt the little lumps of raised dots, he almost danced for joy. This was what he had been looking for. Not only could the blind read with this new system, but they would also be able to write.

But after experimenting with Charles Barbier's method, Louis found serious flaws in it. And he was to devote many years of his life to perfecting the system.

Louis became organist in the

church, and part-time teacher at the school. But in spite of these duties, he still found time to work on his new project. Sometimes morning would find him asleep over his work. But as the lad worked in the darkness and stillness of the night, he knew that someday all this would bring forth light. And it did.

After many years, Louis was successful in developing a code. It consisted of the alphabet made up of different arrangements of dots, in groups of from one to six. One dot is A, two dots on top of each other are B, two dots side by side are C, and so on. These dots are made by pressing a sharp, pencil-like tool into a heavy piece of paper. The paper is then turned over so that the raised dots can be felt on the other side. Today, with Louis Braille's system, the blind can read and write almost as well and as fast as sighted people. Certain symbols and various changes make it possible to use this system for other purposes. It can even be used to read music.

Louis Braille's loss was turned into a great usefulness for blind people everywhere. He was born in 1809 when Thomas Jefferson was President of the United States. He died before the War Between the States. He will never be forgotten.



Verses and Riddles

Riddles

1. How far is it from February to April?
2. What becomes less tired the more it works?
3. Why did the mouse gnaw a hole in the rug?
4. What continent do you see when you look in the mirror in the morning?
5. If two is company and three's a crowd, what are four and five?
6. Can you think of a word the first two letters of which refer to man, the first three letters refer to woman, the first four refer to a great man, and all seven to a great woman?
7. What does everybody do when getting into bed?
8. What is the best thing to take when one is run down?
9. When is a river like the letter T?
10. What looks most like one half of an apple?
11. Formed long ago, yet made today, And most employed when others sleep, What few would like to give away, And fewer still to keep.

By Charles James Fox (1749-1806)

12. What bear has the most fur?

World Houses

By Dorothy S. Anderson

People with all kinds of faces,
Live in different kinds of places:
Igloos made of snowy brick,
Huts with walls of mud stacked thick,
Dwellings built in trunks of trees,
Houseboats floating on the seas,
Houses made with walls of hide—
But EVERYWHERE, it's HOME inside.

What's Wrong?



My Fish

By Jane Meier

I like to watch my little fish
Sail round his bowl with a
swish, swish, swish.
I wonder why he hurries so—
He REALLY has no place to go.

Willie, the Whistler

By Irma James

Willie likes to whistle,
He whistles all the while,
He whistles when he's happy—
But please don't make him smile.
Because, you see, when Willie smiles,
His whistle goes away,
'Cause he puckers when he whistles—
And smiles aren't made that way.

On Being Free

By G. C. M.

It always might be fun for you
To do anything you'd like to do.
But—
If you and I were always free,
Other persons couldn't be.

Brotherhood

By Edith C. Smith

What is meant by "brotherhood"?
Judging a man, not by his face,
His choice of worship, or his race—
But learning how to see the good
In every man, for you will find
That love and faith are color-blind.

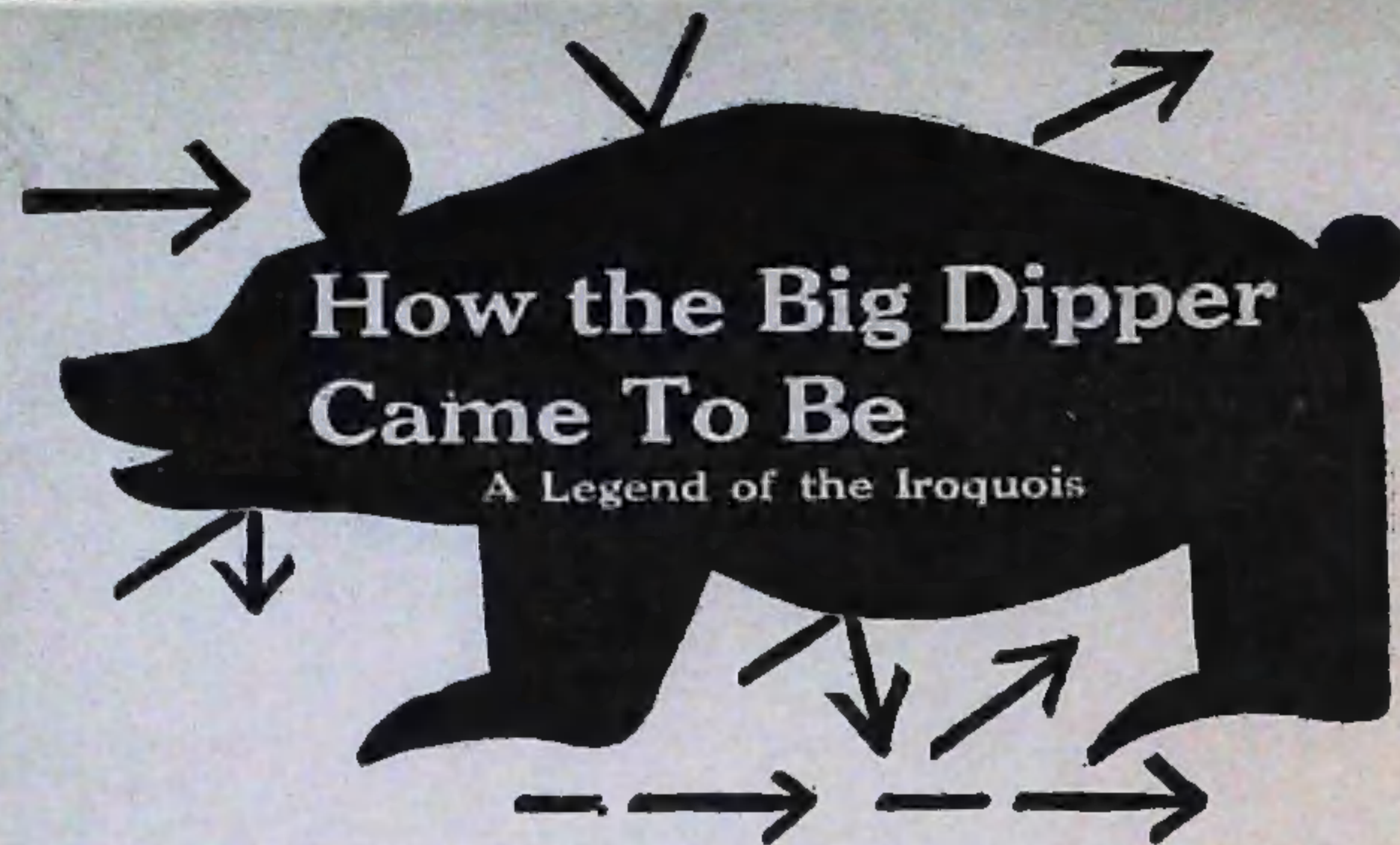
Answers to Riddles:

1. A march of 31 days. 2. Automobile wheel. 3. He wanted to see the floor show. 4. You see you're up (Europe). 5. Nine. 6. Heroine: he, her, her, her, heroine. 7. Make an impression. 8. The license number of the car. 9. When it is crossed. 10. The other half. 11. Bed. 12. The biggest bear.



ALICE in WONDERLAND

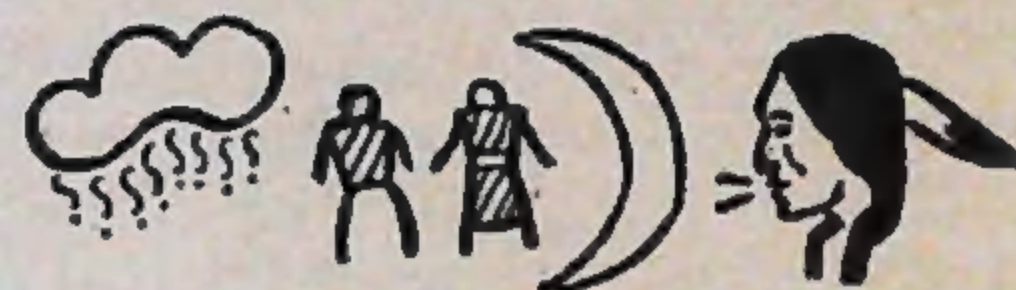
In this large picture find the walrus, carpenter, lobster, mock turtle, perfume bottle, black kitten, Tweedledum, Tweedledee, white kitten.



As retold by Frederick J. Moffitt

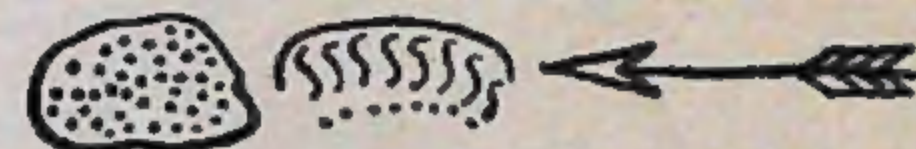
Drawings by Aren Akweks,
living Chief of the Iroquois Indians

This is a story which the Indians tell their children in the winter months when the moon is bright and cold, and the trees are bare.



12

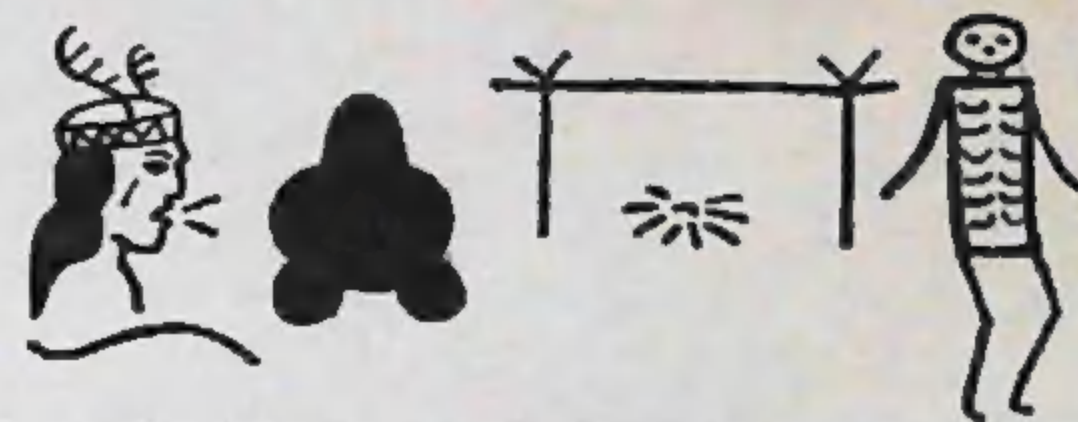
They say it happened many years ago.



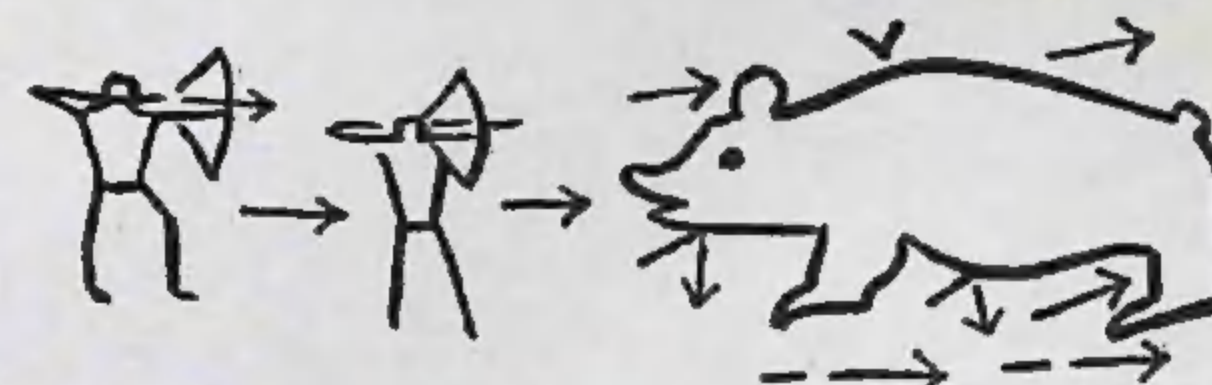
One day the hunters of the tribe discovered the tracks of a giant bear. The bear had circled the village in search of food.



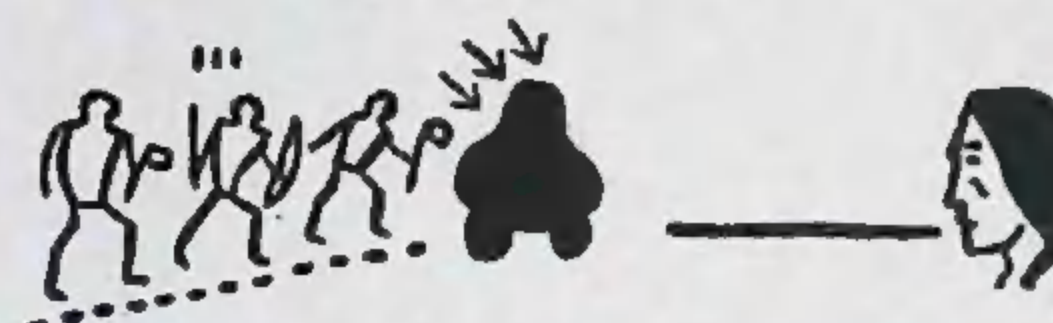
"We must drive the bear away," said the Chief, "or he will steal our food. Our meat racks will be empty, and we will be hungry."



The hunters shot at the bear but his fur was so thick that their arrows could not harm him. "What shall we do?" they asked.



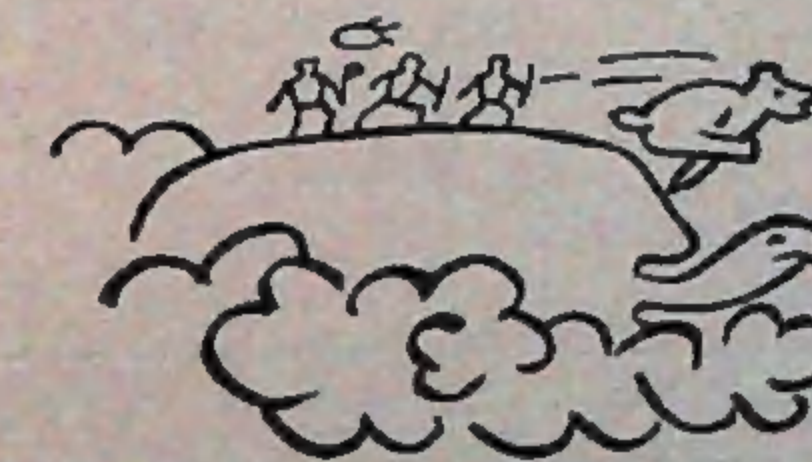
At last three brave brothers spoke up. "We will drive the bear so far away he will never come back," they said.



For many moons the three brave brothers followed the bear. They walked and walked until they came to the edge of the world. (The Indians thought the world was a big turtle that carried people on his back as he crept around the sun.)



When the bear saw the hunters around him, he made a great jump from the earth to the sky. But the three brothers jumped after him. And there in the sky you can still see them, chasing the bear during the long winter months.

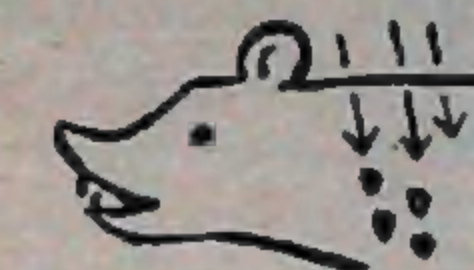


In the fall of the year, when the bear gets ready to sleep for the winter, the hunters get near to him.



13

But he always manages to escape.



And when the Indians see the Big Dipper in the sky, they say, "Look, look! The three brothers are still chasing the great bear."



Can you find which of Chief Akwek's pictures on the right mean the following:

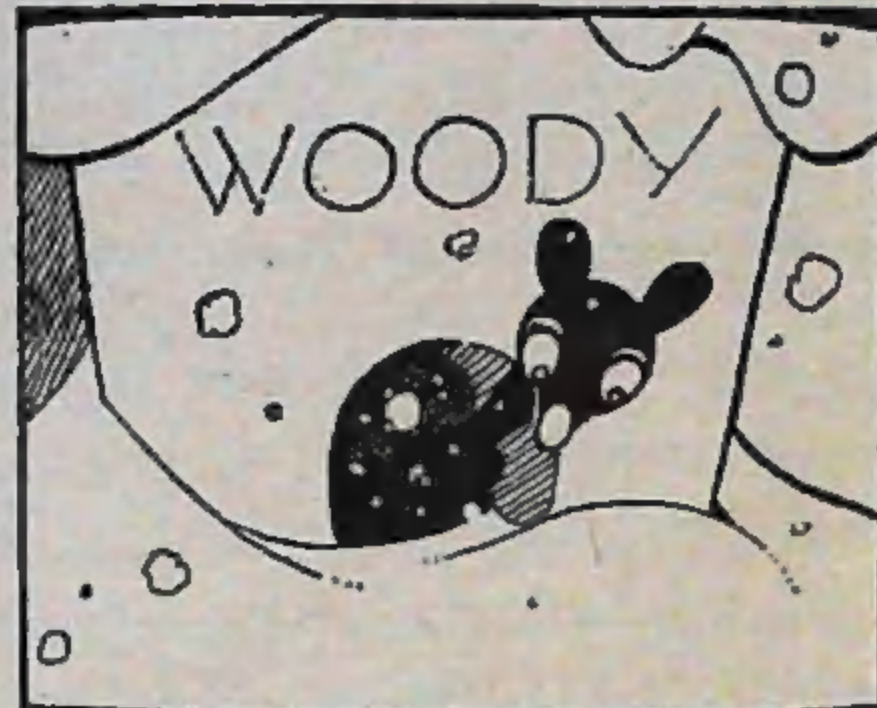
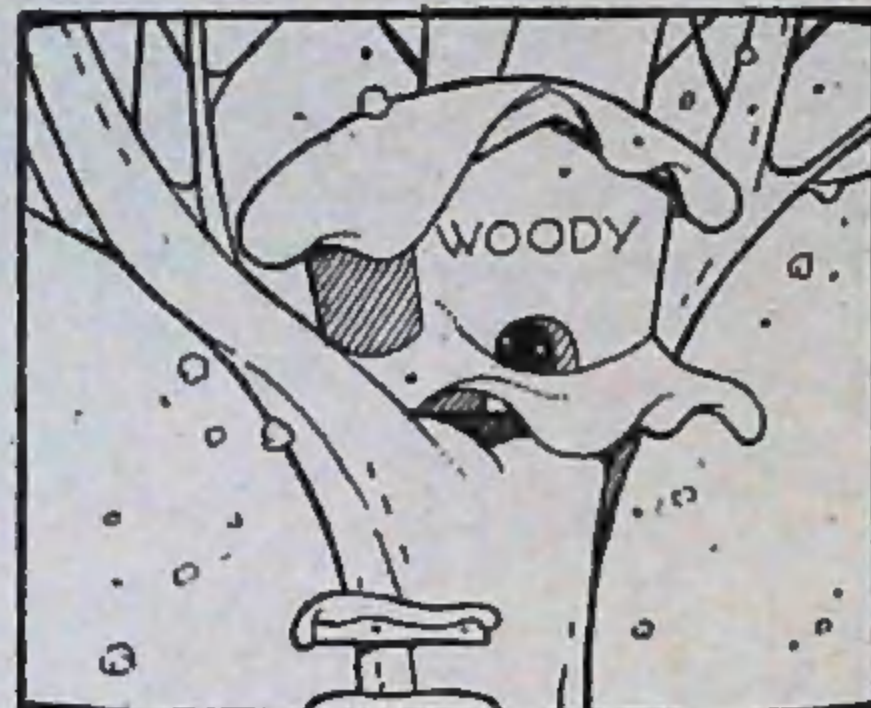
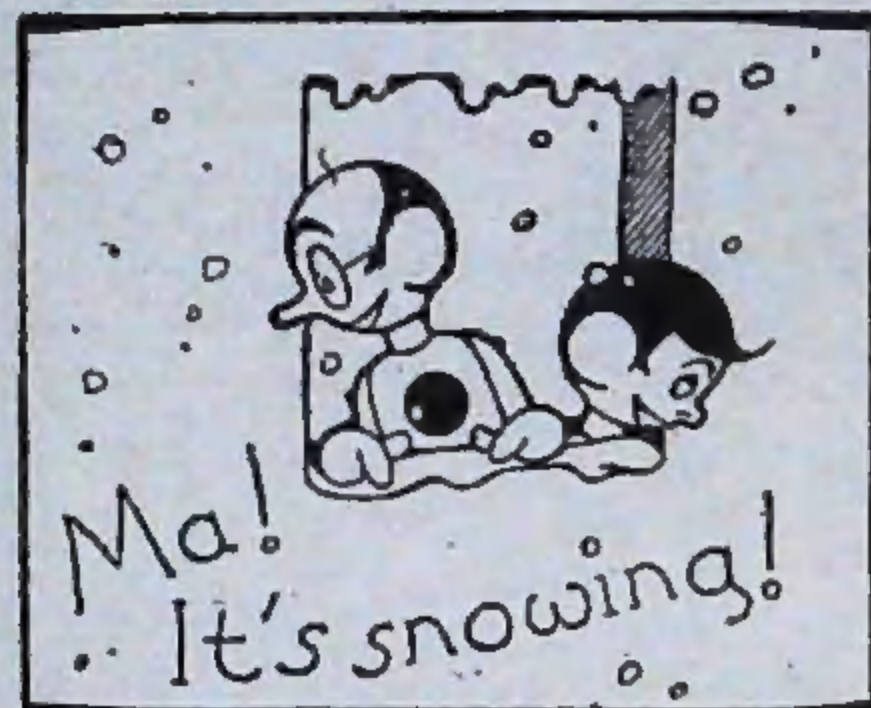
autumn moon	snow
bear tracks	speak honestly (straight)
hungry	world
many, much	wounded, hurt, ill





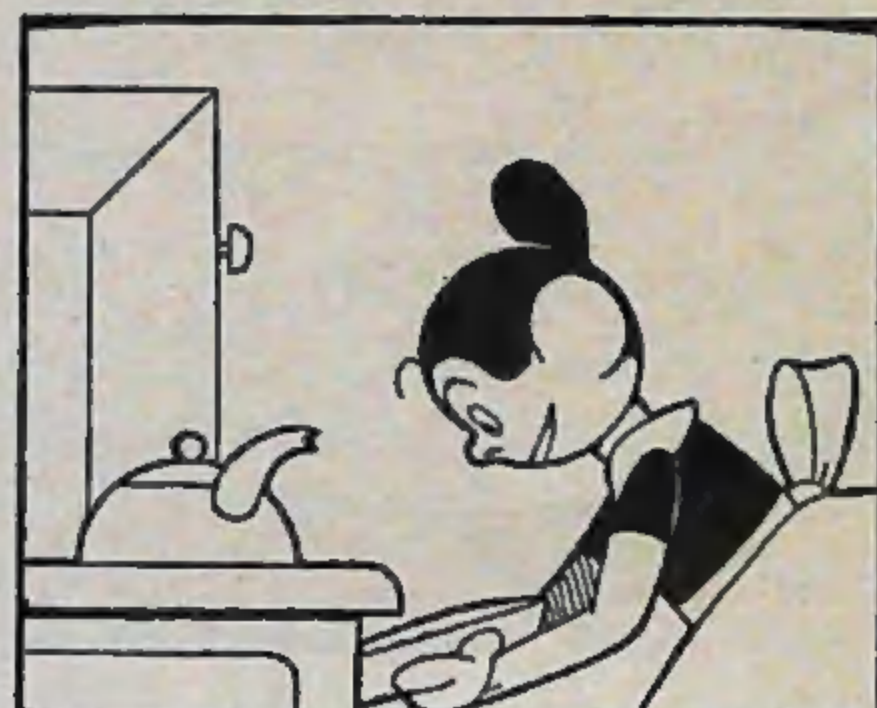
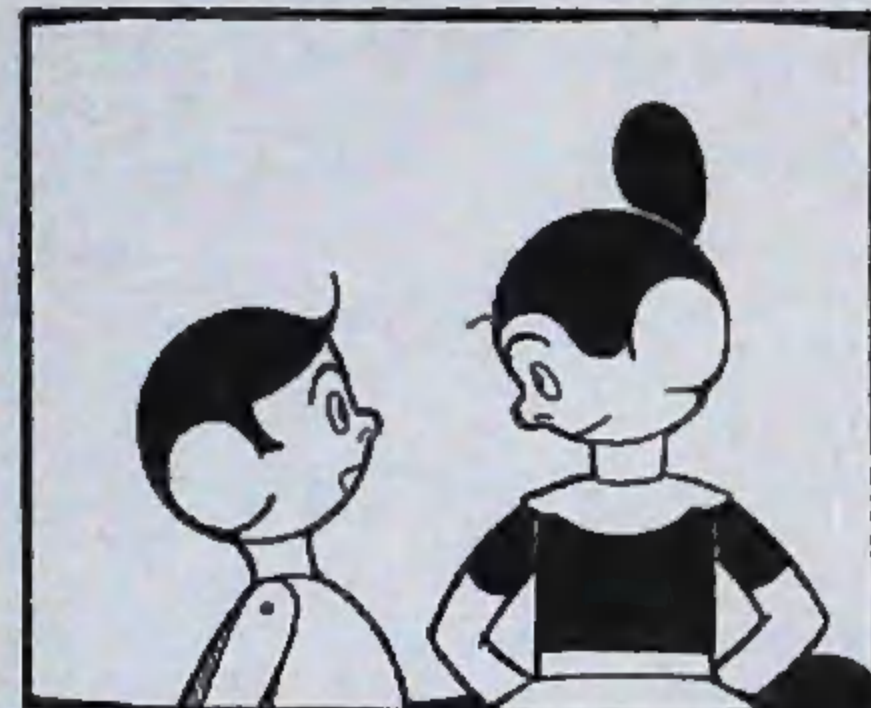
THE TIMBERTOES

by John Gee



It snowed and it snowed and it snowed. Woody Woodmouse's house was covered. Woody was hungry.

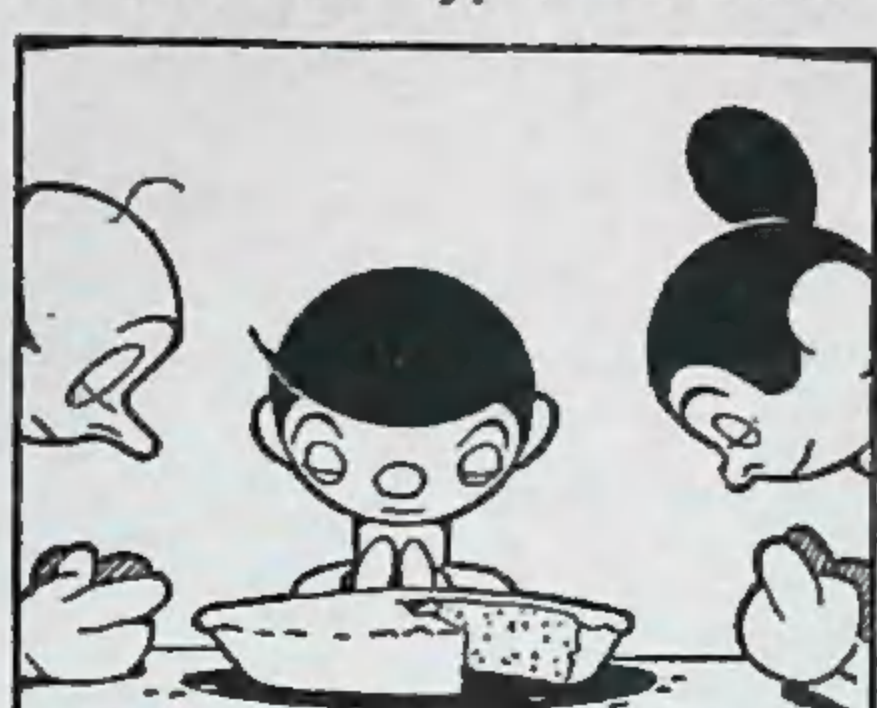
14



"Mother, Woody Mouse must be hungry." "I will bake a cheesecake," said Mother. She went to work....



Father Timbertoes began to shovel snow. Tommy helped. After awhile, Mother cut out a big piece of cake.



And Pa took it out to Woody, who thanked him kindly. There was plenty of cake left over for supper.

★ Hearing this read a few times, the tot reads it himself, the pictures helping him.

The VALENTINE MYSTERY

By Shirley Markham Jorjorian
Illustrated by Allan Eitzen

Benny counted his valentines again. "Twenty-nine," he said. "That's all—one from each classmate and one from Miss Williams." But then he heard Miss Williams say, "Benny Bernard—another one for you."

"How could it be?" Benny thought. "I've already received one from everybody!"

He walked slowly to the front, trying to figure if he had counted wrong. He looked to see who the valentine was from. It was a plain red handmade one. In large awkward print, it read "Be My Valentine—Guess Who?"

"I wonder who it's from. Could it be one of the girls? Maybe it's that chubby little Ann who's always staring at me. No, that couldn't be. She gave me one with her name on it. And who would want to give me two valentines? Oh, it must be a joke one of the fellows is playing on me."

Benny examined the printing for clues. All the N's were printed backwards. Whoever it was either couldn't print well, or part of the joke was to print the N's backwards to mislead him.

Just then Benny heard his name again. Miss Williams called him to the front. "Benny," she smiled, "there are only four valentines left in the box, and it seems they're all for you."

He hurried to the front, more puzzled than ever. He returned to his desk and stared at the valentines. They all had the backwards N's and were signed "Guess Who" like the first one.

"This is going to take detective work," thought Benny, "but I'm going to find out who Guess Who is."

Days went by and Benny had no more clues than he started with—just the backwards N's. "If I could get everyone to print my name, maybe that would tell who gave me the valentines. But how could I get everyone in the class to print my name without the guilty one knowing why I was doing it? Oh, I've got an idea—an autograph book!"

Next day Benny had all his classmates write in his autograph book, making sure they printed "To Benny" so he could check to see how each one made the N's. He studied them carefully during lunch. No one printed the N's backwards.

"Well, I guess I'll have to start

all over, looking for some other clue," he thought. "Wish I had someone to help me, but I don't dare say anything about it to anyone. I might be telling the very one who gave me the valentines."

Just then Benny looked around. There was no one else in the lunchroom. "Oh my, I must have been thinking so hard I didn't hear the bell. I'm late for arithmetic class, and I have to get my books from the locker."

He rushed to the locker, grabbed a stack of books, and ran to the arithmetic class. He sat down and flipped open his book. Then he realized he'd grabbed his little brother's third grade arithmetic book instead of his own. He and Chuck shared the same locker. He stared at the name printed in large and awkward

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★ A mystery story void of violence.

letters—Chuck Bernard. And the N in Bernard was printed backwards! It was the same printing that was on his valentines.

"But why?" thought Benny. "Why would Chuck want to give me five valentines?"

When school was out, Benny hurried to meet Chuck to walk home with him.

"Hi, Chuck. I want to ask you

something. Did you put five valentines signed 'Guess Who' in my home-room box on Valentine Day?" questioned Benny.

"Well, yes," stammered Chuck, a little frightened.

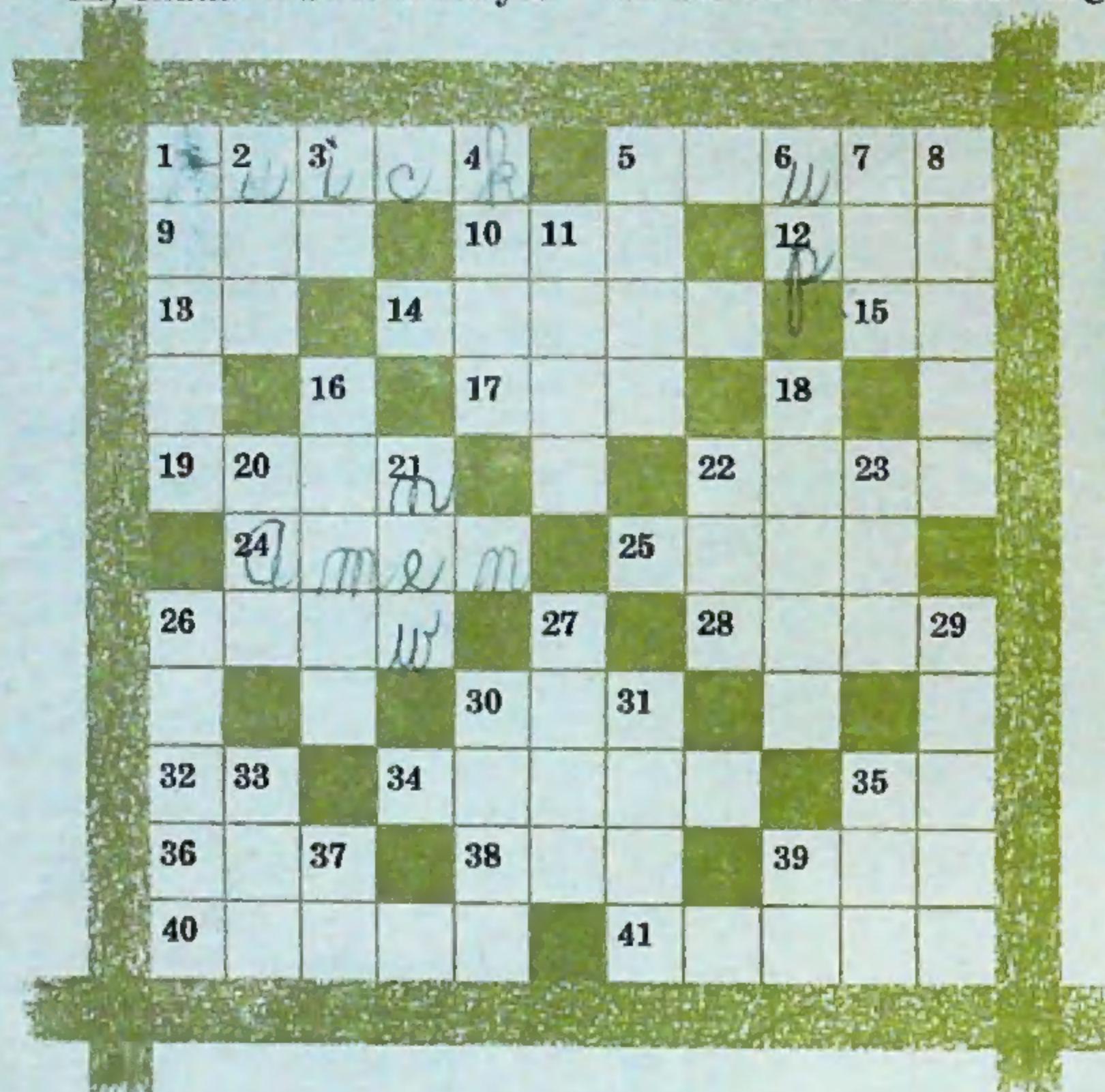
"But why, Chuck? I don't understand," said Benny.

"Well, just before Valentine Day, I had a terrible dream that you didn't get any valentines at all and that all the kids laughed

at you. I wanted to make sure you got some. Then I didn't dare say anything because I was afraid it would look like I thought you didn't have any friends." Chuck still looked a little scared of what his big brother might do.

"Chuck," said Benny happily, "you're a swell brother and the best friend I have. After all, the other kids just gave me one valentine and you gave me FIVE."

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Answer, page 36

Across

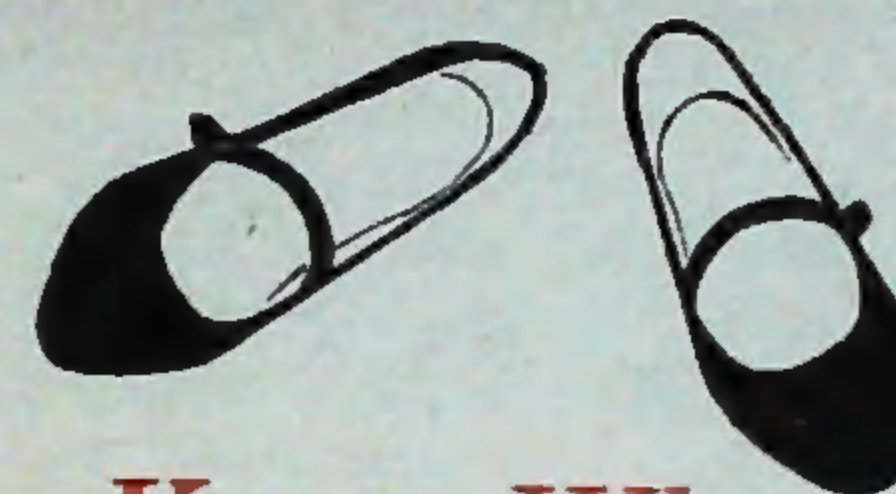
1. Fast
5. Small squeaky animal
9. To make a mistake
10. Mineral
12. Kind of dog
13. Personal pronoun
14. Footwear
15. Betsy Ross (initials)
17. Girl's name
19. Ripped
22. Canvas shelter
24. Last word of a prayer
25. A short letter
26. Bird with shiny black feathers
28. Companion
30. Finish
32. Four (Roman numerals)
34. Shop
35. Because
36. Spanish word meaning river
38. A couple
39. Summertime drink
40. Black-and-white bearlike animal
41. Part of a bicycle

A Crossword Puzzle

By Hazel Wilson

Down

1. To pay
2. Part of the verb "to be"
3. Pair (abbreviation)
4. Entrance
5. To measure out
6. Opposite of down
7. Underwater boat (abbreviation)
8. Heron with long plumes
11. To shout loudly
16. Metal protective covering
18. Part of a flower
20. Paddle for rowing a boat
21. Opposite of old
22. Nickname for Thomas
23. Trap or snare
26. Sound made by a cricket
27. Soft white flakes in winter
29. Support to hold a painting
30. Girl's name
31. To let fall
33. By way of
35. Girl's name
37. A preposition
39. Advertisement (abbreviation)



Helen Knew Why

By Edith Vestal



Nan stepped carefully out onto the front porch.

She tiptoed down the steps. She walked on the sides of her shoes going up the street.

Helen ran to meet her.

"What's the matter?" she called. "What makes you walk so funny?"



"This is my secret way of walking," said Nan.

"I don't want to get any dust on my new shoes."

"Well," said Helen, "you won't hurt them at the party because we are going to play games in the house. You won't get any dust on them there."



"That's fine," said Nan. "Let's run the rest of the way."

Soon Nan was having a good time at the party.

She could skip and play, and not once did she have to think about her new shoes.

Then everyone wanted to play hiding games.

That was fun, too.

But suddenly Nan didn't like to play hiding games.

She was the first one caught every time.



By and by Helen whispered something in her ear.

"Why?" asked Nan. "Why?" "Because," said Helen.

Nan ran out of the door.

In a few minutes she was back again. Again she was playing a hiding game.

Now Nan was having a wonderful time. She was not caught again all afternoon.

On the way home, Nan asked Helen, "Why did you tell me to go home and change my shoes?"

"Because your new shoes squeak," said Helen.

"Everyone could tell where you were hiding."



Jonah's Second Adventure

A Bible Story
By Dora P. Chaplin



Jonah, you will remember, did not want to share God with strangers and foreigners. When God told him to take a message to a foreign city, he was disobedient and went the other way. After his adventure with the whale, he went home.

But again God spoke in Jonah's heart and said, "Now, be obedient. Go to the city of Nineveh and preach to them. Tell them to obey my laws, for they cannot live peacefully if they go on as they are now. Show them their wrong ways, and they can try to do better. Tell them to try very

Illustrated by Richard H. Sanderson



hard for forty days. After that they will see how much better it is to be my children and live peacefully together."

So Jonah went to Nineveh. He preached in the streets and in the market places, and the people heard him.

The rulers of Nineveh sent heralds all over the city. They blew their trumpets and said, "Listen! The Lord God says we must stop our quarreling and disobedience. We must turn to God and be his children."

Jonah, I am sorry to say, was still very sulky. He did not want the people of Nineveh to mend their ways. He went outside the city to wait for forty days. He hoped that on the fortieth day something dreadful would happen to these foreigners, and then he would go home, very pleased.

He had found a hut in which to do his waiting. Over it a big gourd vine had grown. The vine made a pleasant shade and he would sit under it. You can imagine how he would look at the city in the distance and say, "I wonder what will happen on the fortieth day. Only twenty days to go!" The next day he would say, "Only nineteen days!" and so on.

On the thirty-ninth night, just before Jonah went to sleep, he said to himself, "I wonder if, in the morning, there will be a great earthquake, or perhaps a storm and a flood." He did not know that the people of Nineveh were sorry for what they had done wrong, that they had turned to the Lord God, and that all was well with them.

In the morning Jonah rushed out of his hut, hoping to see a cloudy sky. Instead, the sky was blue and beautiful, the sun was

shining, and all was peaceful over the city of Nineveh. Nothing happened all day.

Jonah was even angry with God. He said to him, "Why did you let these strangers repent? Now they will be your children. I wanted my people to be the only people you love. I wanted to see the end of these people. Instead of that you have let me be a blessing to them."

The next day Jonah came out of his hut. The fierce sun beat down on the roof, for worms had now destroyed the vine and he had no shade. He was very miserable, indeed.

God said to him, "You care more for the vine than for all these thousands of people. Can you not see that I must love and care for the people of Nineveh? They are my children, just as you are. I am their Father as well as your Father. I created them and all their cattle, just as I made you and your people and your cattle. Would you have me destroy them? They have changed their ways, and I am very pleased."

The old tale does not tell us what Jonah did after that. Let us hope that he went home a much wiser man, for the people of Nineveh were now obedient to the God and Father of us all.

A Nighttime Prayer

By Jane Meier

Dear God, I thank you for the night,
That gives us time to rest.
I thank you, too, for our safe home,
And those I love the best.

★ A Bible story which teaches that God is Father of all people, and all people are his children.

Rhyming Words Spelled Differently

Read aloud the words in each row across. Notice how each word is spelled.

soul	mole	bowl	goal
hoe	sew	know	go
news	shoes	bruise	use
true	new	shoe	you
heir	pair	dare	wear
fry	buy	sigh	eye

We just have to remember how to spell these words.

A Small Word in a Bigger Word

crack is in cracker
bow is in elbow

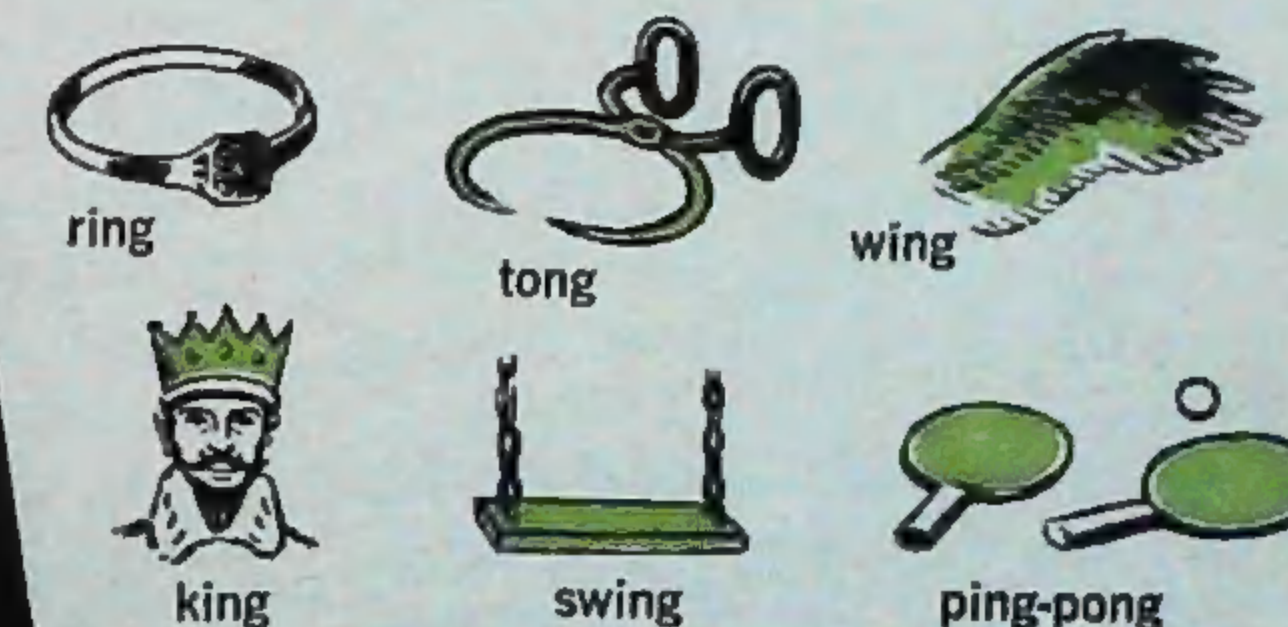
Find a small word in each larger word below.

chicken	away	hammer	borrow
aboard	handle	darker	pencil
rocker	boxer	arrow	acorn
return	follow	repay	barking

★ Hearing sounds in words that we see is very useful for reading and spelling.



Say these pictured words aloud. Listen for the sound of ing and ong.



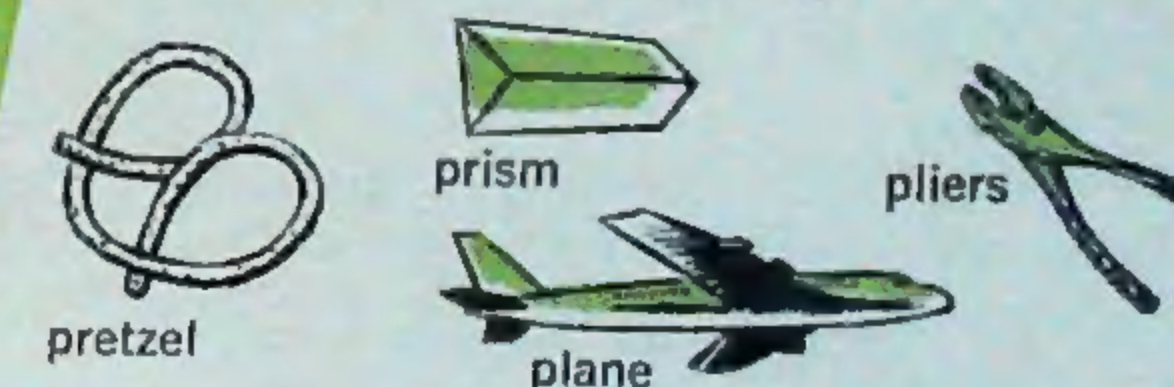
Now say these words aloud. Which words end with ing? Which with ong?

sing	thing	song	long
wrong	cling	prong	sting
		bring	gong

Fun With Phonics

pl and pr

Say aloud the pictured words below. Name the two words which begin with the sound of pl. The two words which begin with the sound of pr.



Now say the following words aloud. Name the words which begin with the sound of pl. With the sound of pr.

present	priest	prong	praise
plate	pray	plug	plum
plan	plot		

The Inside Story

By Joanne E. Reiser

Illustrated by Jérôme Weisman

Gary and Tim went into the waiting room of Dr. Bradley's office. A nurse sat behind a large desk.

"You first," whispered Gary.

"OK," said Tim. "But remember, you're going to help ask questions."

"Do you have an appointment with Dr. Bradley?" asked the nurse, smiling.

"Sort of," answered Tim. "You see, Dr. Bradley is my uncle. He told me I could come in and interview him for our school paper."

"He said we could ask him questions and see his stuff—I mean his instruments," said Gary.

"He didn't forget, did he?" asked Tim, laying his notebook and pencil on the desk.

"I'm sure he didn't," replied the nurse. "Wait just a minute, boys." She went into the inner office.

"Oh, what if he's taking out ■ tonsil," whispered Gary. Just then the door opened and a little girl and her mother came out. The girl's arm was in ■ stiff plaster cast. Dr. Bradley stood in the doorway. "Good-bye, Janie," he said. "Don't fall out of any more trees, and we'll take the cast off next week."

"I won't. Good-bye," said the little girl.

Soon Gary and Tim were sitting in ■ small room with Dr. Bradley.

"This is one of my examining rooms, boys," said the doctor.

"In here we have a table on which our patients sit or lie down." He reached up and turned on ■ special bright light. "That's so I can see better. I can see cuts and scrapes and skin rashes such as measles." Behind the table was a set of scales with a rod for measuring height. Some jars stood on a nearby shelf.

"What's in those, Uncle John?" asked Tim.

"In the jars are tongue depressors, cotton swabs, bandages, and antiseptics. Sometimes we need to wash out ■ cut or wound with antiseptic medicine. Then it may need stitches so that it will heal better."

"Stitches?" asked Gary. "Stitches with a needle and thread?"

"That's right, Gary," said Dr. Bradley. "Stitches with a special needle and thread."

"Oh," said Gary, opening his notebook, "I'd better write that down." He leaned forward. "Doesn't it hurt, though? I mean—when you sew up people?"

"Not particularly," answered Dr. Bradley. "We make the skin numb first. Then it doesn't hurt. Am I telling you reporters the things you want to write in your school paper?"

"Well, sort of," said Tim, feeling very important. "We're supposed to find out why most kids go to doctors, first of all."

"Most children come to see doctors for three reasons, Tim. First, for examinations—to see if

they're in good health. Second, they come to get helps against disease—medicines or shots. When you were a tiny baby you were given shots against tetanus, diphtheria, whooping cough. You were vaccinated against smallpox. Before you went to school, you were given booster shots to strengthen your body against these diseases."

"And polio shots, too," said Gary.

"Yes," said Dr. Bradley. "All these helps are given you today to keep you well. Now, the third reason children come to my office is because they are injured. This may be a cut or a broken bone or an injury inside the body."

Dr. Bradley picked up his stethoscope. "This is my listening instrument," he said. He placed the curved steel tubes

lightly in Gary's ears. He put the shiny silver disc on Tim's chest. "Listen," he said to Gary. "You'll hear Tim's heart and his breathing." Gary heard rushes of air coming and going. He heard "squish, thump, squish, thump" from Tim's heart. "Boy!" said Gary. "Sounds just like an old pump! Just like my old bicycle pump!"

"What d'you mean?" asked Tim. He took a turn listening with the stethoscope. "My golly!" he said excitedly. "There's a lot going on in there! Sounds like I'm gonna blow up!"

"Not at all," said Dr. Bradley. "What you heard were the sounds your heart and lungs normally make. The stethoscope makes these sounds much louder. That is the way we listen to the body," he said.

"This is the way we see it." He led the boys into the X-ray room. In the room were ■ large flat table and a huge X-ray machine over the table.

"When Janie, the little girl you saw leaving my office, broke her arm, we X-rayed her arm in here," explained Dr. Bradley. "She lay on this table and the X-ray machine took a picture of the bones in her arm. She couldn't feel anything because it was just a picture being taken."

Leaving the X-ray room, Tim asked, "One more thing we were supposed to find out, Uncle John. What should kids remember when they go to a doctor's office? I mean, how can they help him the most?"

Dr. Bradley sat down at his desk. He thought for ■ moment. "By being cooperative," he said. "By waiting quietly in the waiting room, by answering the questions the doctor may ask, and by



doing whatever he says is necessary. Most boys and girls are very helpful. And very honest," he added.

"What do you mean, honest?" asked Gary.

"Well," said Dr. Bradley, with a wink at Tim, "they don't tell me they have a pain in their big toe when it's really their side that hurts!"

"For Pete's sake, no!" said Gary. "That would be dumb."

"Thanks a lot, Uncle John," said Tim. "We'll try to write

down everything you said."

"Before you go," Dr. Bradley said, "here is a pill I give all boys and girls before they leave my office." He handed them each a small envelope.

"Thanks," said Gary and Tim uncertainly.

As they went out the front door Tim opened his envelope. So did Gary. "Look!" said Tim. "It's a stick of gum!" Gary put his gum in his mouth. "You know what?" he said. "This is the juiciest pill I ever took!"



Shooting Stars

By David Dietz

Science Editor, Author, and Lecturer
Winner of Pulitzer Prize in Journalism
Author of
All About Satellites and Space Ships



The sudden flash of a bright shooting star across the night sky is a thrilling and exciting sight. It seems as though a star has fallen from its place in the heavens and plunged to earth.

If you go outdoors on a clear night and watch the sky for five or ten minutes, you are certain to see one dart across the starlit heavens. Ordinarily you will see four to eight shooting stars in an hour. On a moonless night, when the sky is darker, you may see as many as sixteen in an hour.

They are not equally bright. One may be a tiny streak of light that lasts only a fraction of a second. If you are lucky, you may see one as bright as the planet Venus that cuts a fiery trail across the whole sky.

Of course, they are not stars at all, even though the astronomers themselves often refer to them as shooting stars. Actually, they are meteors.

Far from being as large as a star, the average meteor which you see is about the size of a grain

of sand. A very large one may be the size of a large rock.

A meteor plunges into the atmosphere from outer space. As it descends, friction against the air causes it to grow hot. Soon it is so hot that its surface begins to melt, and then vaporize. It leaves a trail of incandescent gas as it rushes through the air. This is the fiery trail that you see across the sky.

The larger the meteor, the longer and brighter is the fiery trail that it makes. If you are exceptionally lucky, you may see the trail of a very large meteor. On rare occasions, one may be as bright as the full moon.

Astronomers call these very bright meteors "fireballs" or "bolides." A large fireball may be bright enough to light up the sky and even cast shadows. The path of the fireball in the sky may be irregular, and the fireball may throw off sparks or luminous fragments. Often it will leave a train of luminous smoke that remains visible for several minutes

after it has passed out of sight.

Such very large fireballs cause great excitement and are reported on the front pages of newspapers.

The average meteor becomes visible at a height of about 60 miles above the earth's surface and burns itself out at an altitude of about 50 miles. But a fireball may remain visible down to an altitude of 25 miles or even 12 miles.

The length of the average meteor trail is about 60 miles, but a big fireball may have a path that is several hundred miles long.

When a piece of a fireball survives the journey through the atmosphere and falls to earth, it is known as a meteorite.

The speed of a meteor in the earth's atmosphere may vary from 10 miles a second to 50 miles a second. It depends upon the original speed of the meteor in space and the direction from which it enters the atmosphere.

The earth is moving in its orbit with a speed of $18\frac{1}{2}$ miles a

second. If a meteor meets the earth head on, then its speed in the atmosphere will be the sum of its original speed and that of the earth. But if it overtakes the earth from behind, then its speed in the atmosphere will be slower.

It will surprise you to know how many meteors enter the earth's atmosphere every day. When you watch the sky, you see only a very few of them for two reasons.

One is that you see only those that are bright enough to be visible to the unaided eye. If you used a telescope, you would see many more. The bigger the telescope, the more meteors you would see.

The second reason is that you see only the meteors that fall in a very small part of the atmosphere. You see only those within a range of 25 to 50 miles of where you are standing.

Astronomers are now certain that billions of meteors enter the earth's atmosphere each day. The total number is probably about

eight billion a day. However, only 24 million of them are sufficiently bright to be seen with the unaided eye, and only a few thousand are fireballs.

But in addition to these billions of luminous meteors, there are billions more, so tiny that they are mere bits of dust, which enter the earth's atmosphere each day. Astronomers call them "micro-meteors."

They are so tiny that they merely float down through the atmosphere without creating enough friction to become hot.

Calculations show that the total of all meteors entering the earth's atmosphere daily, from the micro-meteors to the biggest fireballs, amounts to more than a thousand tons of material a day. It may be as much as ten thousand tons.

The luminous meteors and the fireballs account for only a small part of this total, somewhere between one and ten tons. They are vaporized and consumed by their passage through the atmosphere,

and join the air in the form of gas and smoke. The tiny micro-meteorites account for the rest of the daily tonnage from space.

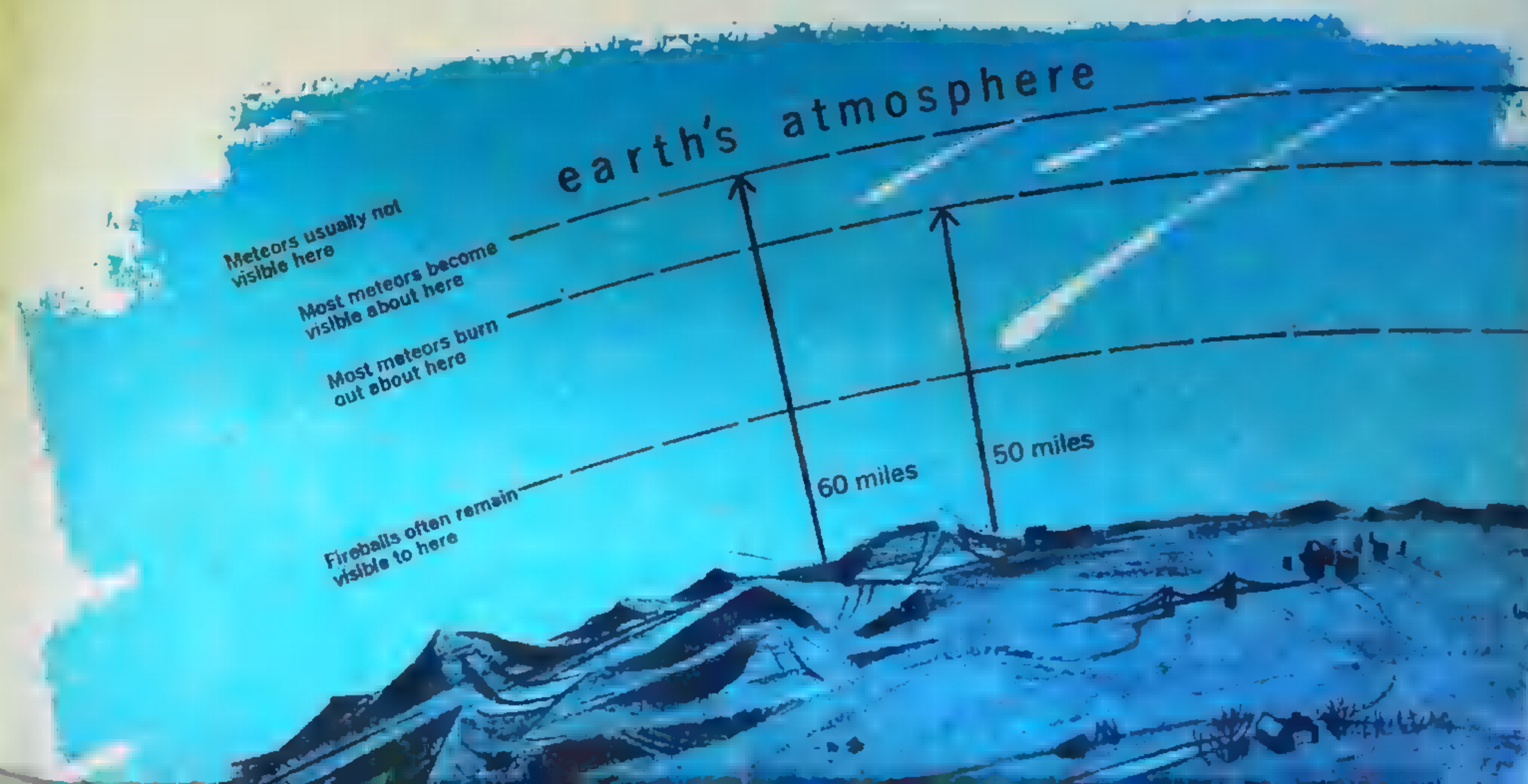
Meteoric dust has been gathered from the snow fields of high mountains, and has been dredged up from the ocean bottom.

Ten thousand tons per day sounds like a large amount of material. But it must be remembered that the earth is very large. But when it is distributed over the whole surface of the earth, it amounts only to about five or ten pounds per square mile in an entire year.

It is evident that there are billions upon billions of meteors sailing around in our solar system. Some astronomers have called them "cosmic rubbish." Apparently they are the stuff that was left over when the sun and planets formed from an original gaseous nebula.

A meteor remains invisible until it enters the earth's atmosphere. Then it ends its career in a brief blaze of glory.

Illustrated by Carl Heldt



The Turtle

A Story of Lincoln's Boyhood

By Bertha Newhoff
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman



No one ever had to tell Abraham Lincoln to be kind to animals. Even as a boy, he had feeling for all living creatures.

One day when he was in his early teens, he started out to fish in the river near his home in Indiana. Over his shoulder he had slung his cane fishing pole. In one hand he carried a tin bucket to carry such fish as he might catch. He meant to dig worms in a place he knew not far from the riverbank.

As he walked along, he whistled the tune of a song his mother had taught him long before. The day was warm and he was happy. Under his bare feet the mud was squishy from recent rain, but it felt cool against his flesh. He came up over a hill and then headed down toward the riverbank. In the sand near the water's edge he saw two boys he knew. Smoke was rising in a thin spiral between them.

Lincoln walked faster, puzzled by the smoke, anxious to find out what made it. He knew that many boys liked to play with fire. He knew, too, how easily one could get burned.

When he was almost upon the boys, he saw where the smoke was coming from. He ran toward it.

Between the boys was a mud turtle. On its back was a fire of small coals and twigs, burning brightly. Lincoln could hear the twigs snapping. The noise as well as the heat terrified the turtle, which was trying with all its strength to get rid of the fire the boys had built upon it. It raised itself on its hind legs in an effort to force the coals to slide off its shell. But they did not slide off.

The boys were laughing at the turtle's attempts to free itself of the fire. One boy held his sides in his glee. To both, the turtle's struggles were a funny sight.

Lincoln saw nothing funny in them. He thought only of the turtle's terror and danger. He dashed up, shoving the two boys aside, making straight for the turtle. With the end of his fishing pole he knocked the coals from the turtle's back. Then he knelt beside the turtle to examine its shell. The shell was scorched, but not burned through. He ran to the river, filled his bucket with

water, and ran back. He emptied the water on the turtle to cool its hot shell.

The two boys were fussing because Lincoln had spoiled their sport.

When he was sure the turtle was not badly hurt, Lincoln turned to the boys. He saw they had no pity for the turtle they had hurt. He saw, also, a wide shingle lying in the sand at his side. He picked the shingle up and began hitting the boys with it, first one and then the other. They tried to get away from him, but his long arms and legs gave him an advantage over them. He was faster than they were and he kept on hitting them until they said they were sorry they had mistreated the turtle. Then he let them go.

As he went on to the river to fish, Lincoln wondered if the boys had been sorry for what they had done to a harmless, helpless creature, or if they had just been sorry he had caught them torturing the turtle. He saw the turtle swimming downstream as he baited his hook to lure bass and bluegill. Fried fresh fish would taste fine with corn pone for supper, he thought, as he flung his line into the water.

President Lincoln Shined His Own Shoes

When Abraham Lincoln was President of the United States, Senator Charles Sumner called at the White House early one morning and found President Lincoln blacking (shining) his own shoes.

The amazed Senator asked, "Why, Mr. President, do you black your own shoes?"

The President replied, "Whose shoes did you think I blacked?"

George Washington and His Big Brother

By Mabelle E. Martin
Illustrated by Jerome Weisman



Few people realize it, but the world might never have heard of George Washington if his half-brother Lawrence had not taken such interest in him. George was six years old when he first saw Lawrence. George's father had been educated in England, so he sent his two older sons there, too. Lawrence had finished his education and came home when he was twenty years old. The six-year-old boy was charmed with the young man's manners and knowledge, and so Lawrence became his hero.

When George was eleven, their father died. The father left Mount Vernon to Lawrence, who had already taken over the management of the place when the Washingtons moved to Ferry Farm. George was to have Ferry Farm when he came of age.

Within two months Lawrence was married to Anne Fairfax, daughter of the most important man in the county. From this time on George lived more with Lawrence than at Ferry Farm. Lawrence was almost a father to George, and inspired him to make the most of himself.

Living at Mount Vernon brought George in contact with the most educated people in Virginia. At Mount Vernon, at the

Fairfax home, in all that society, George heard talk of men who had seen and done things. They talked of the past, great battles, and great generals and admirals. Lawrence had changed the name of his plantation from Epsewasson to Mount Vernon, after Admiral Vernon with whom he had served. They talked of the present, especially politics. But perhaps most of all they talked of the future, of the great fortunes to be made in the abundant lands of the West, if they could only be cleared of Indian dangers.

George wanted to grow up to be like these people. Lawrence thought it would be best for George to go to sea and thus find a career, but his mother vetoed this idea.

When George was fifteen years old, he found his father's old surveying instruments in a building on Ferry Farm. He thought he could learn to survey if someone would show him how to use the instruments. He was an excellent mathematics student, so he knew he could do the necessary figuring. Who taught George to survey is not clear, but he began surveying Ferry Farm and the neighboring farms, just for practice. At sixteen, he was earning money with his surveys.

Lord Fairfax possessed thousands of acres of land near Winchester, and when a survey party went out, George was allowed to go along. More than ever George realized what the men meant when they talked of the great profits to be made in western lands. George, too, decided that he must possess some of this land.

Lawrence developed tuberculosis. George went with him to Warm Springs to take the water cure. During his stay there he found many customers who wanted surveying done, and he himself bought two large tracts of land, totaling almost 1000 acres. He was not yet nineteen years old.

When Lawrence died, George was in line to inherit not only Mount Vernon but also the military and political positions his brother had held. In time he became Major Washington, and soon was elected to the House of Burgesses. He took an active part in the French and Indian War, and later was in a position to become leader of the Revolutionary forces.

Had Lawrence left George to live on Ferry Farm, it is very doubtful if the boy would have developed into the man he became.

Calico Whitesox

By Adelene Winter
Illustrated by Lois Axelson



26

Jane had a little kitten. This kitten was black, yellow, and white. She looked like a patchwork quilt. Her name was Calico Whitesox. Do you know why? Her four feet were white. When Jane first saw her she said, "Look, Daddy, she has on white socks."

Calico Whitesox was such a little kitten that her bed was a shoe box. The first night she was at Jane's, she missed her mother and her brothers and sisters. She cried all night.

Daddy said, "She makes too much noise. Put her in the car. I am going to take her away."

Jane said, "Oh, Daddy, please don't take her away. Please let me keep her. She won't cry any more."

"All right," said Daddy. "But she must sleep on the back porch."

"Yes, Daddy," answered Jane. "I shall see that she is put on the porch every night."

So Calico Whitesox stayed at Jane's house.

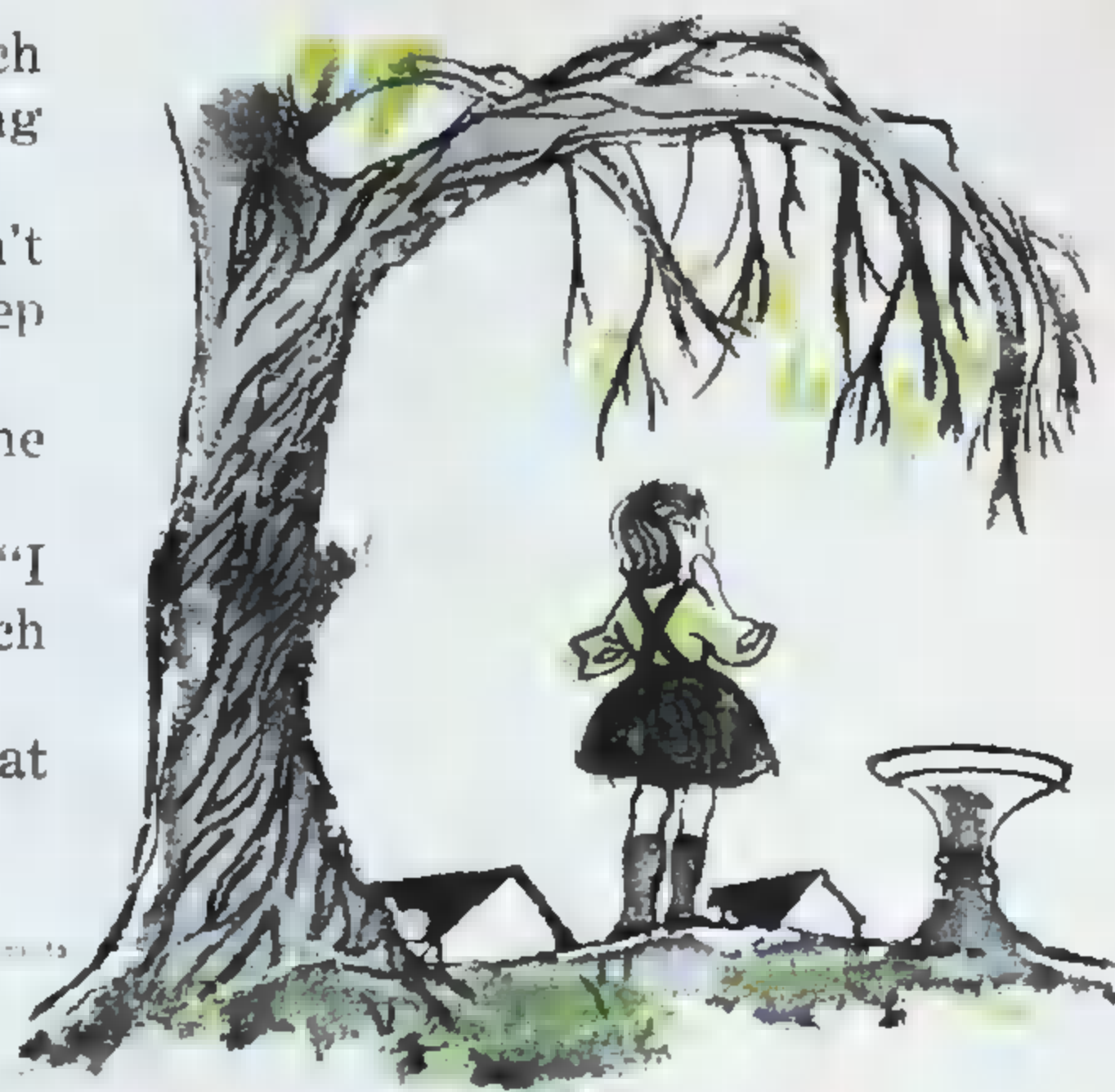
Jane and Calico had fun. Each day they played hide-and-seek. Jane hid her eyes. Calico ran to hide. Calico always hid in the same place. She liked to hide behind the kitchen door, so Jane always knew where to find her.

Jane hid in many places. Calico ran around until she found her. It was so much fun!

One night Jane forgot to put Calico in her bed on the porch. Calico went to sleep on Daddy's bed. When Daddy found her on his bed, he was very angry. He put Calico outside.

The next day Jane called and called. Calico did not come. Jane looked on the porch. Calico was not there. She looked under the back steps. Calico was not there. She ran to the willow tree that Calico liked to climb. Calico was not there. Where could Calico be? Jane could not find her.

Daddy was sorry that Calico had run away. He asked the newspaper to put this in the paper: "Lost: a black-yellow-and-white kitten with four white feet. Please return to 125 Green Street. Reward."



The next day a little girl came to Jane's house. She had a black-yellow-and-white kitten with her. "Is this your kitten?" she asked.

"Oh, yes," said Jane. "Thanks."

"I found her in my yard," said the little girl.

"Mother, come quickly. Calico is back."

Just then a little boy came to the house. He had a black-yellow-and-white kitten with him. "Is this your kitten?" he asked.

"Oh, no," answered Jane. "This little girl has just returned my kitten."

Jane looked at the kitten the little boy was holding. That kitten looked just like Calico. Jane looked at the kitten in the little girl's arms. The kittens looked just the same. How could she tell which one was hers?



"Mother, come here. Now I have two cats," said Jane.

Mother looked at the cats. They looked alike.

Just then a man came up the steps. He had a black-yellow-and-white kitten, too.

Which one was Jane's? She could not keep all three.

"I know, Mother. I'll play hide-and-seek. My kitten Calico will know where to hide."

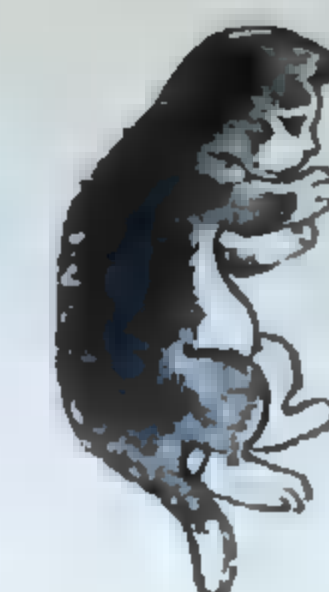
Jane hid her eyes and began to count. "One, two, three, four, five." The kitten in the little girl's arms jumped down. She ran to hide behind the kitchen door.

That one was Calico Whitesox.



Matching Pictures

Look at each cat at the left.
Find another like it at the right.



Goofus and Gallant

By Garry Cleveland Myers
Pictures by Marlon Heli Hammett



"I wish more people would send me valentines," says Goofus.

"I wish I had more valentines to send," says Gallant.

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"No, I won't send him a valentine. He never sends me one."

"I'm going to send my best valentine to that old man who lives alone."



"It's too much trouble to send valentines."

"Isn't it fun to make and send valentines?"

★ Selfishness versus unselfishness

Things You've Wondered About

By Jack Myers

Professor of Botany
and Zoology
University of Texas

Question:

Last summer I went swimming in a creek on my grandfather's farm. I was building a dam out of rocks. I found one rock under water which I could lift up to the top of the water. But then it seemed to get heavier. I never could lift it all the way out of the water. Why was this?

I guess we have all had an experience something like yours. Let's start by thinking about an even commoner experience (I hope) of getting into a bathtub. The next time you take a bath, fill the tub about half-full. Then mark where the water level is, maybe with a piece of adhesive tape. After you get in the bathtub, look where the water level is. It's higher. Why?

I'm sure you know the answer. You and the water can't occupy the same space at the same time. When you went in, some of the water had to move. And where could it go? It just had to go up and it raised the water level in the tub. If you go swimming in

the ocean you also raise the water level a little. But the ocean is so big that the rise would be hard to measure.

Now, this is the basic idea. When any object is submerged in a fluid such as water, it pushes away some of the fluid. Since the fluid is trying to get back, there is an upward push on the object. The upward push is called a buoyant (boy-unt) force. And we can always figure what the buoyant force is. It is equal to the weight of the fluid which the object pushes away or displaces.

Suppose that water is our fluid. A pint of water weighs just about one pound. Now, a pint of lead weighs about 12 pounds. Suppose we drop a pint of lead into water. There is still the same mass (amount) of lead there. And it is still pulled down by gravity by a force of 12 pounds. But there is a pint or a pound of water trying to get back where the lead is. There is

★ How satisfying to have things you and your children have often wondered about simply explained by an eminent scientist!



a buoyant force of one pound pushing upward on the lead. So, under water, a pint of lead would weigh only 11 pounds.

Let's think about your rock under water. Suppose you can lift a weight of 50 pounds. Now, 50 pounds of rock would have a volume of about 20 pints, depending on the kind of rock. So, under water, the buoyant force of water makes the rock 20 pounds lighter, so that it weighs only 30 pounds. But when you begin to lift it out of water, it seems to suddenly change in weight from 30 pounds to 50 pounds.

Not all kinds of things have the same mass or weight of stuff in a given volume. We call this property of things density. You will see in the table the densities of several kinds of material compared to water. To determine the density of an object, we need two measurements. First we have to weigh it. Then we have to measure its volume.

An easy way to measure the volume, even for an irregular object, is to drop it in a pitcher full of water and see how much water spills over. For example, 150 pennies (made of copper) weigh just about one pound.



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Look up the density of copper in the table and see if you can figure out how much water would spill over from a pitcher full of water if you dropped 150 pennies into it.

The idea of the buoyant force of a fluid has been known for a very long time. The first man to really figure it out was Archimedes (ar-ki-ME-deez) who lived in Sicily about 250 years before the birth of Christ. And there is an interesting story about his discovery.

Archimedes was a good friend of the king. The king had a crown made for him which was supposed to be solid gold. But he suspected that the goldsmith who made it had cheated him by using silver and just covering it with gold. So the king asked Archi-

medes, "How can we find out if the crown is pure gold without cutting it up?"

Archimedes puzzled over this for a long time. One day he was taking a bath. And he made the same observation that I asked you to make about the water you displace when you get into a bathtub. All of a sudden the idea came to him. He had discovered how to use the buoyant force of water. And he was so excited that he jumped out of his bath and took off for the palace without his clothes, shouting "Eureka!" which meant "I have found it!"

Archimedes tested the crown. He compared it to pure gold and to pure silver. He found that the goldsmith had been honest. The crown was really pure gold.

And now my question to you is: Just how did Archimedes go about showing that the crown was pure gold and not silver with a little gold on the outside?

If you cannot figure out just what Archimedes did, write to me and let me explain. But first try hard to figure it out yourself. You will need some of the information in the table.

The Density of Some Things

	Pounds per pint
Water	1
Rock	2½
Copper	9
Silver	11
Lead	12
Gold	20

(For example, a pint bottle of water weighs about 1 pound, and a pint of gold weighs 20 pounds.)

Tricks and Teasers

1. If 3 cats catch 3 mice in 3 minutes, how many cats could catch 100 mice in 100 minutes?

2. Remove from these letters the name of a country, leaving its capital:

SCEDOINTBLUARGNHD.

3. A farmer has 4 ducks and 3 pens. How can he rearrange the pens so that each duck has a separate pen?



4. If you turn a left-hand glove inside out and then put it on your right hand, where will the palm of the glove be?

5. A farmer planted 9 plum trees in 10 rows with 3 trees to a row. How did he do it?

6. Arrange 12 toothpicks as shown. Rearrange 4 to form 3 squares the same size as the original ones.



7. Can you take the first six letters of the alphabet—A B C D E F—and make two words, using each letter only once?

8. If it takes twelve one-cent stamps to make a dozen, how many four-cent stamps does it take to make a dozen?

9. Are A-B the same length in both drawings?



Have a friend think of a number. Add 1. Double it. Add 2. Double it again. Subtract 10. Have the friend give you the result. You can then tell him the number he first thought of. Just take the result and add 2. Divide by 4, and the result will be his original number.

Answers page 36

Poozy and His Knife

By Garry Cleveland Myers

Pictures by Z. Virginia Filson



Poozy: "I can't find my knife."
Woozy: "You must have left it someplace."

Poozy: "Maybe Po took it."
Piddy: "Bet he did!"



Mother: "Why do you think Po took the knife?"
Poozy: "I haven't seen it since he was here."

Father: "Did you see Po take it?"
Poozy: "No, but I'm sure he did."



Piddy: "There's your knife, Poozy, under the chair."
Woozy: "Shame on you for blaming Po!"

Father: "How would you like to be blamed for what you didn't do?"
Poozy: "Sorry. I won't blame anyone again."

Our Own Page



Queen

Heidi Cogdell, Age 4
2314a Oregon
Berkeley, Calif



Sally Sweltzer, Age 4
223 College Ave.
Richmond, Ind.



Darryl E. Clark, Age 9
477 Washington St.
Gloucester, Mass.



A Woodchuck

Alan Christian, Age 5
R. 4, Box 77-A
Charlotte, N. C.



A Church

Charles Croot, Age 10
442 E. Washington St.
Chambersburg, Pa.



Jimmy Rain, Age 8
2442 Clarence
Berwyn, Ill.



Geo. Washington Cutting Down the Cherry Tree

Craig Womble, Age 5
2711 24th St
Lubbock, Texas



Our Synagogue

Able Lang, Age 8
605 Hawthorne Ave.
Williamsport, Pa.

Brotherhood

You can't tell by the hair, face, or skin,
The only thing that matters is what is within.
Just because his skin is black, yellow, or brown,
Doesn't mean you should let a fellow down.

If you treat everyone like your friend,
Maybe some of the wars would end.
So remember you can't tell by the hair, face, or skin,
The only thing that matters is what is within.

Ann Shaffel, Age 10
Public School 150
4001-43rd Ave.
Long Island City, N. Y.

February

On a February night
Cold and windy,
A child was born,
Her name was Cindy.

To a couple
Young and lonely
Was born this child,
And this one only.

Soon the child
Was twelve years old,
And now my life story
Has just been told.

Cindy Edwards, Age 11
509 N. Kimball
Excelsior Springs, Mo.

Cats and Dogs

I had a cat very fat. I had a dog very long. They bit and scratched each other, and now instead of a cat and a dog, there is not any.

Ivy Eberhart, Age 7
315 E. 68th St
New York, N. Y.

Free

I often wonder when I see
A little bird up in the tree,
If he wishes he could be
Safe inside instead of free.

Or does the bird that sits inside
Wish that he could swiftly ride
Up above the treetops high
To search for freedom in the sky?

Dubbie Kensel, Age 10
8430 Rae Dr.
Garden City, Mich.

My Skates

My white ice skates are so much fun.
I twirl and slide and almost run.
Sometimes I slip and fall down flat,
But I pay no attention to that.
I love to skate and skate and skate
Sometimes I make a "figure eight."

Paulette Fubel, Age 11
167 Harriet Ave
Quincy, Mass.

Sammy Spivens

By Dorothy Waldo Phillips



Hello there:

"Well, shiver my whiskers!" squeaked a small mysterious voice. "You must be Peter, the poodle!"

Susie's new dog sat up with a start. He cocked his head and stared at a tiny hole behind the door. Soon a set of sniffy whiskers came snooping out of the hole.

"Greetings," said Columbus. "You look lonesome."

"Butterscotch won't play with me," sighed Peter. "I did all my tricks to make friends, but he sneered and ran away."

"Don't worry," said Columbus. "Jealousy is a bad habit (a bad way of feeling). Bad habits are weeds."

"I want to be liked," said Peter. "Do regular people have weeds or just dog people?"

"Ho, ho," chuckled Columbus. "Weeds get into gardens, animals, and people."

Peter looked puzzled. "For instance," explained Columbus, "Sammy's latest weed is a Patter and Pilfer Weed. A sort of double feature, you might say. The Patter Weed makes him leap out of bed, patter to the stairway, and peek at the visitors in the living room. Once it sent him pattering through rain puddles."



"What's a Pilfer Weed?" asked Peter.

"A pilfer person is one who sneaks things when no one's looking," said Columbus. "So a Patter and Pilfer Weed makes you patter down the back stairs and pilfer pie and cake. You should see the stuff Sammy stashes away behind the bookcase. Can't keep our children below-boards any more."

"Confidentially," Columbus continued, "Butterscotch has gone to get Yanko's advice. The little weed man lives all over everywhere, and he helps to yank out weeds."

"I get it," the poodle said. "Sorta like a dentist. Except instead of yanking out bad teeth, he yanks out bad weeds. Then a fellow feels happy again. Right?"

"Right," agreed Columbus. "You surely are a sensible fellow."

Peter smiled a sheepish sort of smile. He tossed the tuft on his funny French tail. Butterscotch threw himself into high gear. Over the hill he hustled, and down through the valley he dashed, until finally he slithered to a stop in the silent, sleepy forest in front of Yanko's hideaway hut.

"Woofety-woof," panted Butterscotch as he rang the jangly bell.

"Come in," called Yanko. "Delighted to see you, dear fellow." Yanko knows almost EVERYTHING and EVERYTHING is a lot

to know. He understands dog language. So, after a short conversation with Butterscotch, Yanko was speeding through the skies in his small spaceship.

Sammy felt a gentle tug at his bedclothes. "Just your friend," Yanko whispered.

"Gee! You've heard about my Patter and Pilfer Weed," whispered Sammy. "I'm sorta unhappy about it."



"Weeds make even the nicest fellas unhappy," sighed Yanko. "But we must admit that pilferers are first cousins to snoopers and sneaks. And pilferers who start by pilfering peppermints and pies might sneak more serious things later on. Rather frightening, isn't it?"

"You see, every day and forever and ever, you must live with a guy named Sammy Spivens. Do you want to live every day with a good guy or a baddie?"

"When you explain things," said Sammy, "a boy doesn't feel terrible. He just wants to be right inside. So OUT goes the baddie!"

"Bless you," smiled Yanko. "Lucky am I to have children for friends! Stop in and see my Used Weed Lot. I'll toss that Patter and Pilfer Weed there tonight."

And swish! he was gone. Will you be My Valentine?

Aunt Dorothy P. S. Columbus is going out to mail a valentine to Sammy which says, "To a good guy from his Secret Pal."



Please send your drawings in black on white paper about eight by eleven inches, with your name, address, and age on the back. Also enclose a note from your parent or teacher stating that your drawings, stories, or verses are your very own. Mail to Highlights for Children, Honesdale, Pennsylvania. No contributions will be returned.

Any child may learn from Sammy that he can't be happy with himself when he deceives.

The Marines' Hymn

Jacques Offenbach

Arranged by Irene Harrington Young

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Boldly

From the Halls of Mon - te - zu - ma To the shores of

Trip-o - li; We fight our coun-try's bat - tles In the

air, on land, and sea; First to fight for right and

free - dom And to keep our hon-or clean; We are

proud to claim the ti - tle Of U - nit - ed States Ma - rine .

Used by permission of the U. S. Marine Corps

Jacques
Offenbach
1819-1880

By Irene Bennett Needham

From the halls of Montezuma
To the shores of Tripoli . . .

The United States Marines have sung this thrilling, spine-tingling music for years. The words are American, but who wrote the music? It is usually listed as "traditional," which means that it is an old tune and no one knows who wrote it. That is not true of this melody for it was taken from one of the operettas of a well-known composer. This is the story of that composer.

In 1833, Jacob Offenbach, a fourteen-year-old boy, accompanied by his father and older brother Julius, traveled from his home in Cologne, Germany, to Paris, France, the city where musicians and artists dreamed of achieving fame.

In the city, the three set off to walk to the Paris Conservatory, miles away. Jacob carried his cello which was bigger than he. He had played the violin at six, and composed melodies at eight. Now at fourteen he could play much better than any teacher in his section of Germany.

Reaching the conservatory, they were told by Cherubini, the director, that the conservatory was only for the French. Father Offenbach had saved so long for this trip that he begged Cherubini just to hear little Jacob play one piece. So Cherubini handed the lad a few sheets of hand-

written music, so difficult that only a few experts could play it. Then he shut his eyes, expecting to be bored to death.

Jacob's brilliant brown eyes darted over the music while he arranged the huge instrument. When he began to play, the music flowed as freely as if he had played it for years.



Jumping to his feet, Cherubini exclaimed, "The ruling is wrong. You are a pupil of the conservatory. I will go myself to the ministry, and you will be received as a student."

And so began Jacob's study in Paris. He and Julius and another boy lived in one room, earning money by playing in the orchestra of the Comic Opera, and playing in the cafés. All the time Jacob wrote music when he wasn't in class or at work.

Jacob decided to use the French way of spelling his name, Jacques Offenbach, on becoming a French citizen.

A young German aristocrat, Frederick von Flotow, helped Jacques by introducing him to the Countess de Vaux. Like all other Parisians who could afford it, she invited guests one afternoon and evening a week to talk and listen to music. It was the way musicians made themselves heard in the days before records and radio.

Jacques had never seen such a beautiful room with hundreds of candles lighting it and such elegantly dressed men and women. The guests were amused at first when they saw the thin lad with the bright birdlike eyes. But the music was so beautiful that all conversation ceased. After the applause, Jacques' face broke into his broad grin. This was the world for him, and the guests of the Countess felt the same.

When Jacques was only nineteen he had composed enough music and was celebrated enough to give a concert of his own. He was already beginning to compose for the theater.

As his compositions began to be played in theaters, he made concert tours with an English-

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★ It's good for our children to know
that the music of "The Marines' Hymn"
came from one of the world's great composers.

man, Mr. Mitchell, as his manager. After one tour in 1843, when he was twenty-four, he was invited to a party at the Mitchell home where he met their daughter Herminie, just fifteen. She and Jacques fell in love, and just a year later were married. They were devoted to each other until his death. They had four daughters and a son. During these years Herminie was remarkably understanding. Sometimes they were rich, sometimes poor.

Offenbach operated a theater for which he composed the music, coached the singers, directed the rehearsal and the orchestra. In 1876 he accepted an invitation to go to the United States to play in New York and Philadelphia, eleven years after the War Between the States had ended.

He was greeted in New York as if he were a king. This he really loved but his thoughts were with his family, too. He wrote Herminie every day, giving his views of this amazing country. He sent Auguste, his son, the first silver dollar he earned. The musicians he conducted loved him and his music was a great success.

The Americans paid him well and have kept right on playing one of his melodies, a march from the operetta "Genevieve of Brabant." That is the melody of "The Marines' Hymn."

Back in Paris he paid his debts and wrote a book about his visit to America.

As he grew older he was afraid that his gay tunes would be forgotten. He wanted to write a

serious opera so he began work on "The Tales of Hoffmann." He had rheumatism so badly that he could hardly walk, yet he worked at his opera every day. He didn't see it performed, but he did see the dress rehearsal.

When next you hear the stirring Marine Corps song, remember the scrawny little boy who first wrote music when he was eight and never stopped until he died at sixty-one. Hunger, prejudice, enemies—none of these stopped him. As he once said, "I do not know what I've done to cause God to bestow so much happiness and so much melody upon me." His beloved wife, his children, and his gift of composing music—with these he could master anything—and with these he was completely happy.



The Silver One

Once upon a time a boy had a pet wolf for then there was no such thing as a dog. So for a pet people had pet wolves.

This boy's name was Cheyenne. And Cheyenne's wolf was not like just any other wolf because he was the smartest and prettiest in the whole Western Territory.

Cheyenne had not given him a name for he was always where Cheyenne had wanted him. This animal was a silver wolf and he was mean to all but Cheyenne.

One day Cheyenne and his wolf were out fishing. It was a hot day and the fish were biting.

But he heard the crackling of leaves, so he turned his head and saw a snake crawling his way. Then all of a sudden the boy felt numb, and then he was able to let loose his voice, and he yelled out, "Silver, help me!"

His wolf came just as if his name were Silver.

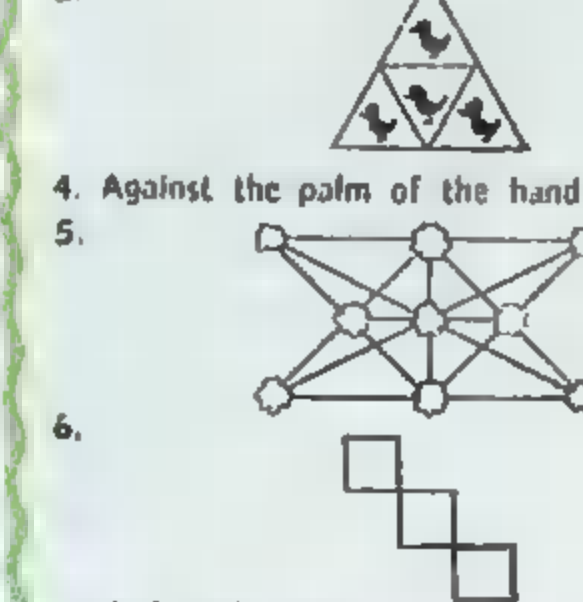
He got to the snake in time

with his jaws closed together and the side of his lips up. And he jumped on the snake and killed him and saved Cheyenne. And from then on his name was Silver.

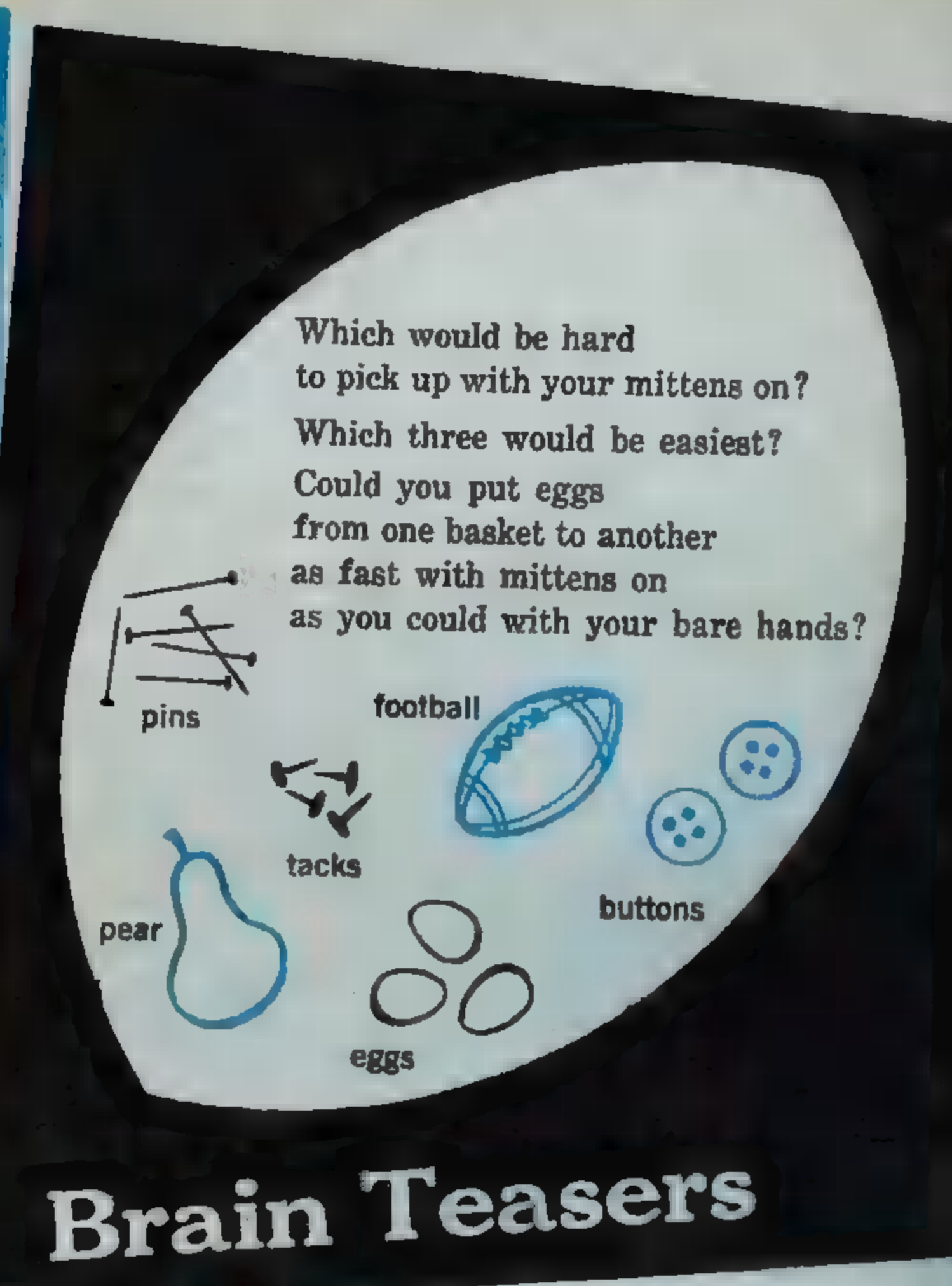
Beatrice Harrison, Age 10
1701 12th St.
Alamogordo, N.M.

Answers, Tricks and Teasers, page 30

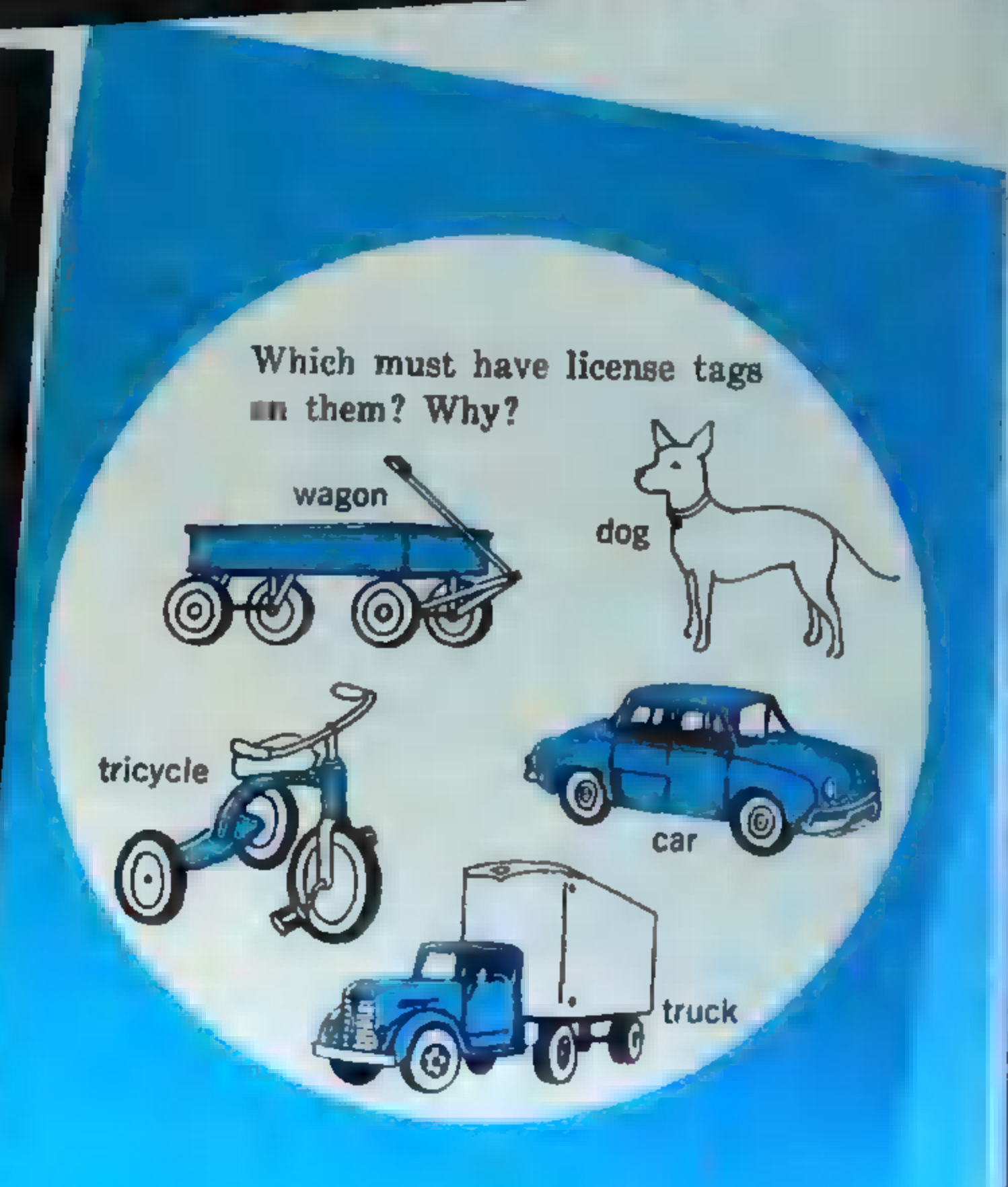
1. The same 3 cats
2. Remove SCOTLAND, leaving EDINBURGH



4. Against the palm of the hand
- 5.
- 6.
7. CAB and FED
- Twelve.
- Yes



Brain Teasers



Jokes

Little Boy: "I want to buy a puppy. How much are these?"
Clerk: "Five dollars apiece."
Little Boy: "But I want a whole one."

John: "Have you ever studied a blotter?"
Jane: "Why should I study a blotter?"
John: "It's a very absorbing subject."

Neighbor: "Where's your little brother, Susie?"
Susie: "In the house playing a duet. I finished my part first."

Husband (reading paper aloud): "I see Thompson's shirt store has burned out."
Wife (slightly deaf): "Whose?"
Husband: "Thompson's shirt store."
Wife: "Dear me, who tore it?"

Sally: "I've been cooking for three years."
Susy: "You should be well done by now."

What Had Happened?

Suppose the ground and pavement were dry last night and this morning they are very slippery but have no snow on them. What had happened?

Mother had just hung up a basket of clothes she had washed. Emily came running into the house, shouting, "Your clothes are all on the ground." What had happened?

"Let me get your hat," said the boy to the old man. The old man waited and the boy soon brought back the old man's hat. What had happened?



Name some dangers you might not discover if you could not smell.

Name some dangers you might not discover if you could not hear.

Why should papers and other trash never be burned near a building on a windy day?

On leaving a bus or car, why should you wait till it has gone before crossing the street?

Why is there more danger of fire from lighted candles than from electric lights?

Why may it not always be safe to cross a railroad track as soon as a train has gone by? When your father parks his car on a hill, why does he turn the front wheels toward the curb?

Fun With Fingers

By Ellen Briggs

Two mighty spaceships

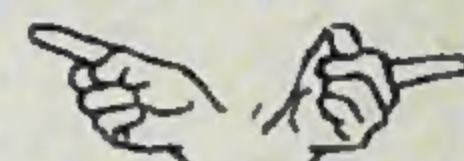


Zooming through the air,

Trying not to hit the stars



Shining here and there.



One mighty spaceship



Moved around the moon.

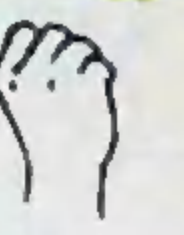


Then down, down, down he dropped—



But that was much too soon.

The other mighty spaceship



Climbed up and up so high



That we must use our glasses



To find him in the sky.

Which should a child of three not play with in the living room? Why?

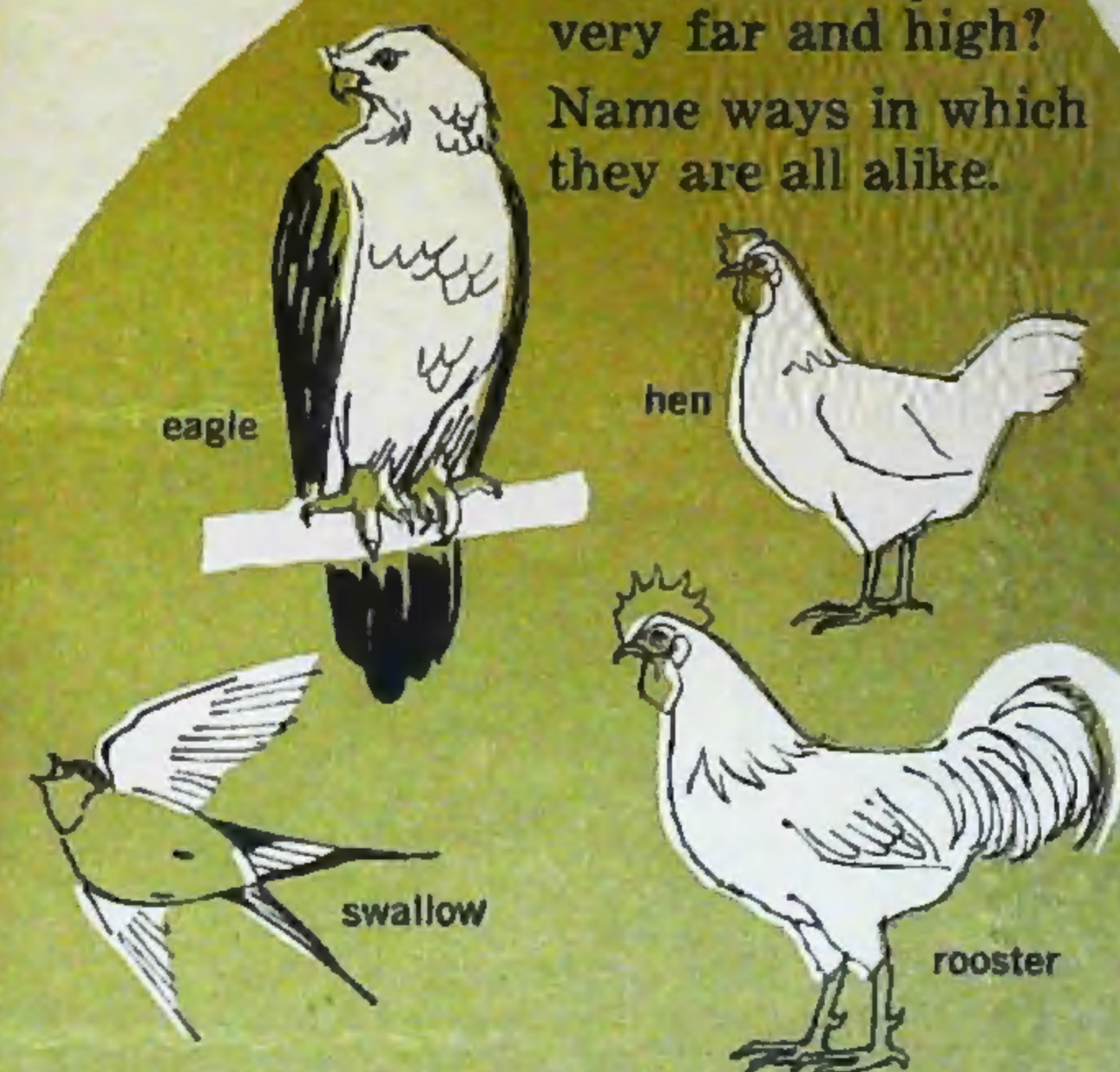


Which are dressed well for skating outdoors?



For Wee Folks

Which can fly very far and high?
Which can't fly very far and high?
Name ways in which they are all alike.



Which has most eyes?
Which has fewest eyes?



Let's Make These

Valentine Bouquets

By Ruth Dougherty

Hearts cut from red, green, and white construction paper make the flowers for these valentine bouquets. Stems are white or green pipe cleaners pasted or stapled between two or more hearts. Pots are made from spools, or are small pots filled with colored pebbles.

For each flower of the bouquet, Figure 1, use two small red paper hearts with larger white crepe-paper hearts between. Cut a fancy edge around the white heart. Make each edge different.

For the bouquet, Figure 2, cut red, green, and white hearts. Make the green hearts larger. Decorate the white heart and write a message on it. Paste the white heart on the green, then the pipe-cleaner stem, then the red heart.

For each flower in Figure 3, cut two large red hearts. Paste one on each side of a paper doily with a green pipe-cleaner stem between. Write a message on a smaller white heart. Paste it to one of the red hearts.

To decorate spools or pots, fold a paper napkin in half four times, round off the point, and cut holes along the edges. Unfold, and tie it around the spool or pot. Or decorate with foil or bright-colored paper.

For the bush, Figure 4, tie small red hearts to twigs. Fill the pot with pebbles or lentils to hold the twigs in place.

Valentine Scatter Pins

By M. Mable Lunz

Cut the ends off popsicle sticks as shown. Place them together to form a heart. Paint with red nail polish. It will hold the pieces together. Let dry thoroughly, then give it a second coat.

Cut a 3-inch length of $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch black or white ribbon. Fold it in half. Make a small bow of another piece and sew it to the top of the fold. Sew a small safety pin to the back of the bow. Glue the red heart to the bottom of the ribbon.

Make two or more to wear like scatter pins.



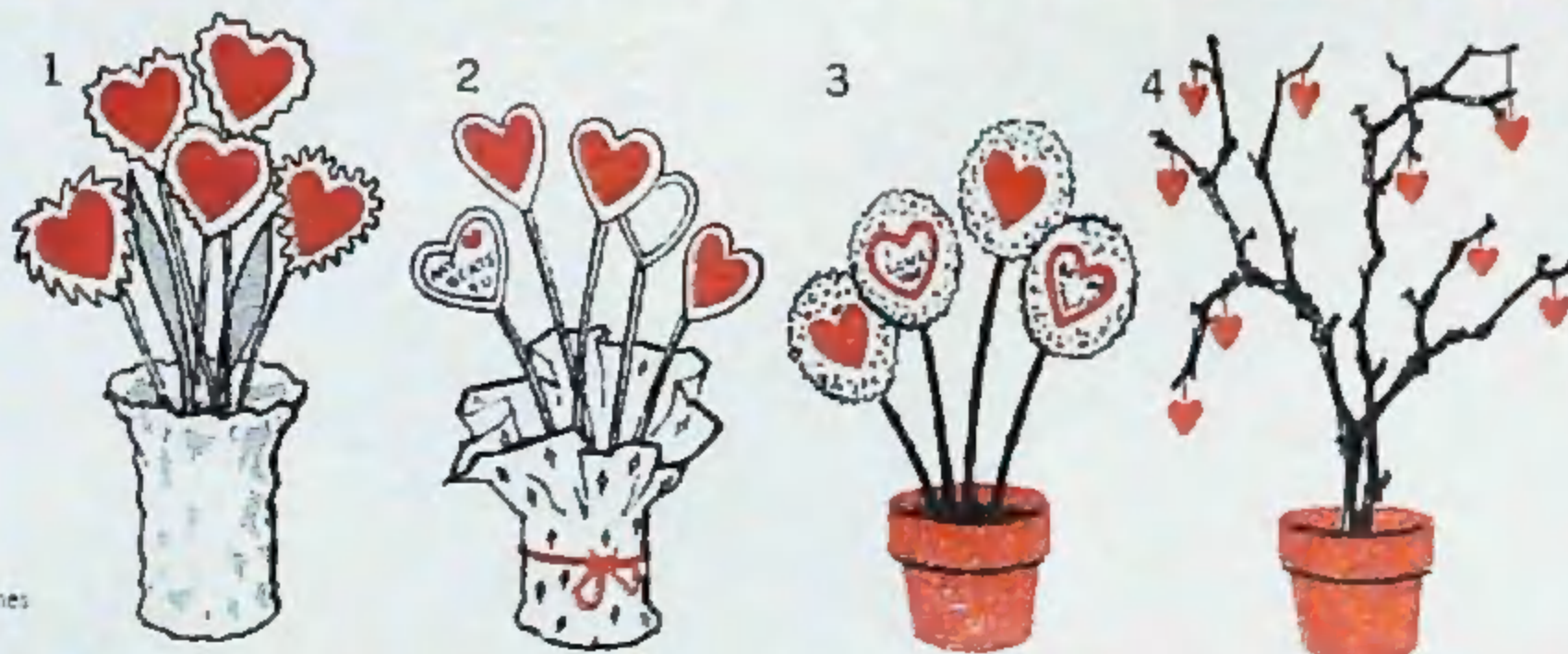
Party Heart Picks

By Margaret Squires

Use these picks to decorate a valentine cake or to stick through party sandwiches.

For the white-edged pick, cut one heart from red construction paper, and one from thin white paper. Fasten the end of a toothpick to the back of the red heart with gummed tape. Cut out the center of the white heart. Glue the remaining edge to the front of the red heart.

For the other pick, cut out three red hearts. To the back of one heart fasten a toothpick as before. Fold the other two hearts in half. Glue one half of each heart to each side of the first heart at the back. Then glue the remaining two halves together. This forms a three-sided heart which covers the top of the first heart.



Milk Carton Plant Holder

By M. Mable Lunz

Measure 5 inches up from the bottom all around an empty milk carton. Cut off along this line. The bottom half of the carton is the plant holder. Cut a piece of colored construction paper about $8\frac{1}{2}$ by 11 inches. Fold the 11-inch side around the holder, so the open edges meet at a corner. Crease it along the edges. Let the rest stick up over the top of

the holder. With scotch tape, seal 2 inches of the construction paper at the bottom of the planter.

Cut down the corners of the paper and planter to 2 inches from the bottom. Fold the extra paper down over the inside of the four sides and fasten the ends in place.

Roll the four sides down around a pencil to make them curl, as shown.



Crepe-paper Fun

By Bernice Kimball

Cut pink, white, and green crepe paper into tiny pieces. Put them together in a box.

From brown construction paper cut a trunk of a tree about 4 inches long. Paste it on a sheet of 9-by-12-inch construction paper. Draw branches lightly in pencil. Put paste on the shape of the branches, and sprinkle the shippings on. It will look like an apple tree in blossom.

Paste different-colored shippings on a string to look like a vine.

Put glue on dry weeds, and sprinkle with yellow or red to make hollyhocks and the like.



Candy Cart

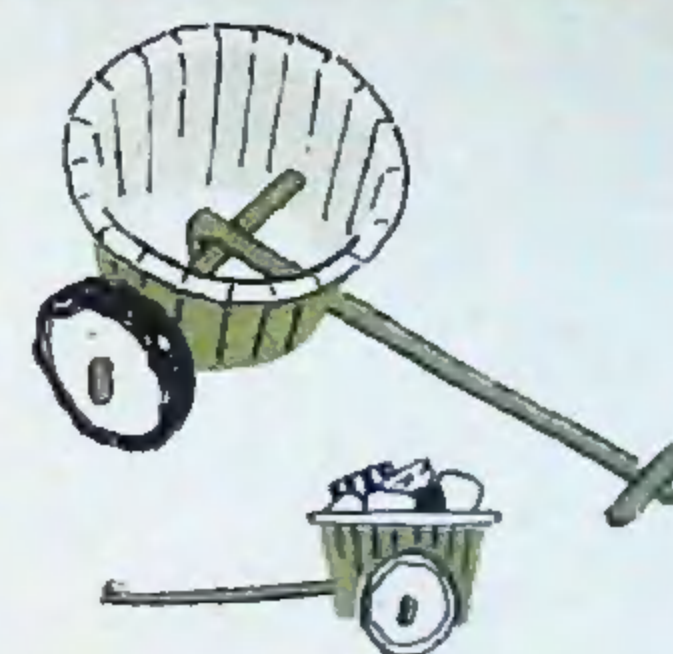
By Bernice Walz

Use a small nut cup for the cart. Pound a hole through the center of two metal bottle caps, to use for wheels. Cover the bottle caps with a piece of bright-colored foil, folding it over the edges to hold in place. Line the inside of the bottle cap with a different color foil paper.

Insert a pipe cleaner through the nut cup, about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from the bottom. Run the wheels on the pipe cleaner, one on either side of the cart. Bend the pipe cleaner ends over to hold the wheels securely.

Insert the pipe-cleaner tongue through the front part of the cart. Bend the end over the pipe cleaner inside the cart. Paste a small piece of pipe cleaner across the end of the tongue to form a handle.

Fill the cup with small candies. Use as a party or tray favor.



A Useful Gift

By Ella L. Langenberg

Select a top from a cardboard container that will fit over a water glass. Wash and dry it.

Draw and paint a design on the top with tempera paints. A flower, fruit, or a tree design are suggestions. The rim may be painted with lines, dots, or other shapes that look well with the design on the top.

When the paint is dry, give the entire lid a coat of shellac. Let it dry thoroughly.

The lid is to be used as a protection for a drinking glass. It may be placed on a bedside table or in a sickroom. It is sure to be a welcome gift.





Headwork

Is Mary's sister a boy or a girl?

Could you cut the end of a clothespin with scissors?

Can a big girl whistle?

Does a turtle have feathers?

Who sleeps more, you or your father? Who eats more? Cries more? Sits still longer? Falls down more often?

Why can you drink milk faster than a big dog can?

Does your upper jaw move when you chew? Does your lower jaw?

When a puppy puts his paws against you, are they his front paws or his hind paws?

How old must a baby chick be to eat the same food its mother eats?

Why should you not run a toy with wheels on a good chair or table?

In what kind of school is the teacher called "Sister"?

Are the holes in a pepper shaker larger or smaller than the holes in a salt shaker? Why?

Spell your first name backwards.

What is the difference between a motel and a hotel?

Look at the pictures on page 19. Now close the book and, without looking at the pictures again, name as many of them as you can. Then turn back to page 19 and see how many you remembered.

"Oh, you just had a hairdo," said Mrs. Strong to Mrs. Short. Why did Mrs. Strong say this?

"You didn't wash out the bathtub after your bath," the boy's mother told him. How did she know he didn't?

"No school here today," said a motorist, driving through a town one February day. Nobody had told him so. How could he know?

Do you feel warm or cold when you have a fever?

What is the difference between a stairway and a ramp?

Which has more bones, a sunfish or a turkey?

Why would you rather ask a neighbor for flowers for a sick child than for money for yourself?

Suppose you wished to know how many miles to the gallon your daddy's car was making. How would you do this?

Why must we pay so much more for the vegetables and milk we buy than the farmer gets for them?

If you saw four hunters walking in the same direction, about a hundred yards apart, why would you guess they were not hunting deer?



Parents! Important Notice

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For the Birds

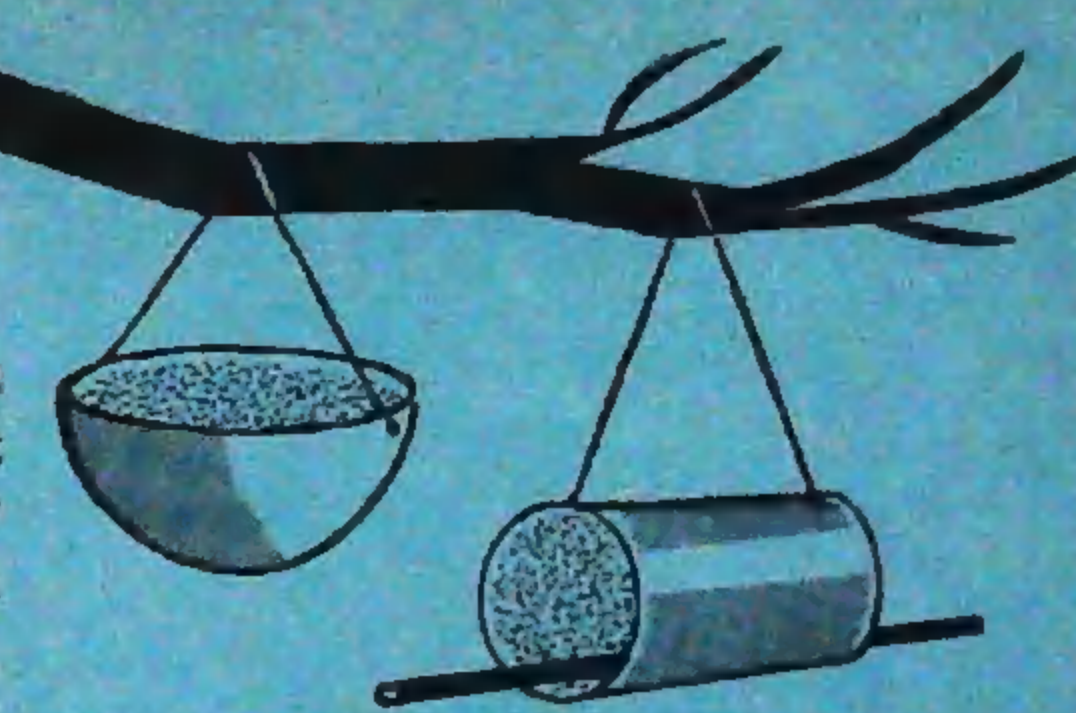
When cold winds blow and snow covers the ground, birds have a hard time finding enough food to eat. Here are some easy bird feeders that can be made to help them out.

Breakfast for the Birds

By Lois Kauffman

Use the skin from half a grapefruit. Mix softened suet with cracked wheat and cooky crumbs. Place this mixture in the grapefruit skin to harden. Punch two tiny holes on opposite sides of the grapefruit and run a string through them for a handle to hang on a branch.

Or fill an empty soup can with the mixture used for the grapefruit, adding weed seeds and anything else that birds like. When



it has hardened, cut out the bottom of the can. Run a stick through the suet to serve as a perch. Punch a hole at each end of the can, and run a wire through to form a hanger, as shown.

Swinging Bird Feeders

By Anobel Armour

Use little foil plates that frozen pies come in.

Punch a hole in one side of the plate, and another on the opposite side. Cut a 10-inch piece of heavy cord. Make a knot in one end. Run the cord through one of the holes, with the knot underneath. Then push the cord down through the other hole and knot it. The cord should loop up and be

about 8 inches long.

Fasten another cord in the same way to the other two opposite sides of the plate. Fasten them together where they cross.

Fill the plate with bread crumbs, cracker crumbs, or seeds.

These swinging bird feeders can be put anywhere. They could even be carried a little way into the woodland and hung on the



trees there, if the winter happens to be an especially hard one for birds. And they cost little or nothing.

Peanut Butter Feeder

By Lawry Turpin

Birds like peanut butter. A fine way to serve it to them is to use a piece of thick wood about 1 3/4 inches square and 1 foot long.

Just draw a line down the center of two opposite sides and put dots on it 3 1/2 inches and 8 1/2 inches down from the top. On the other two sides put the dots 1 1/2 inches and 6 inches down from the top. In each one of these bore a hole 1 inch in diameter and about 3/4 inch deep.

Place the perches 1 1/2 inches below each large hole. Their diameter should be that of a meat

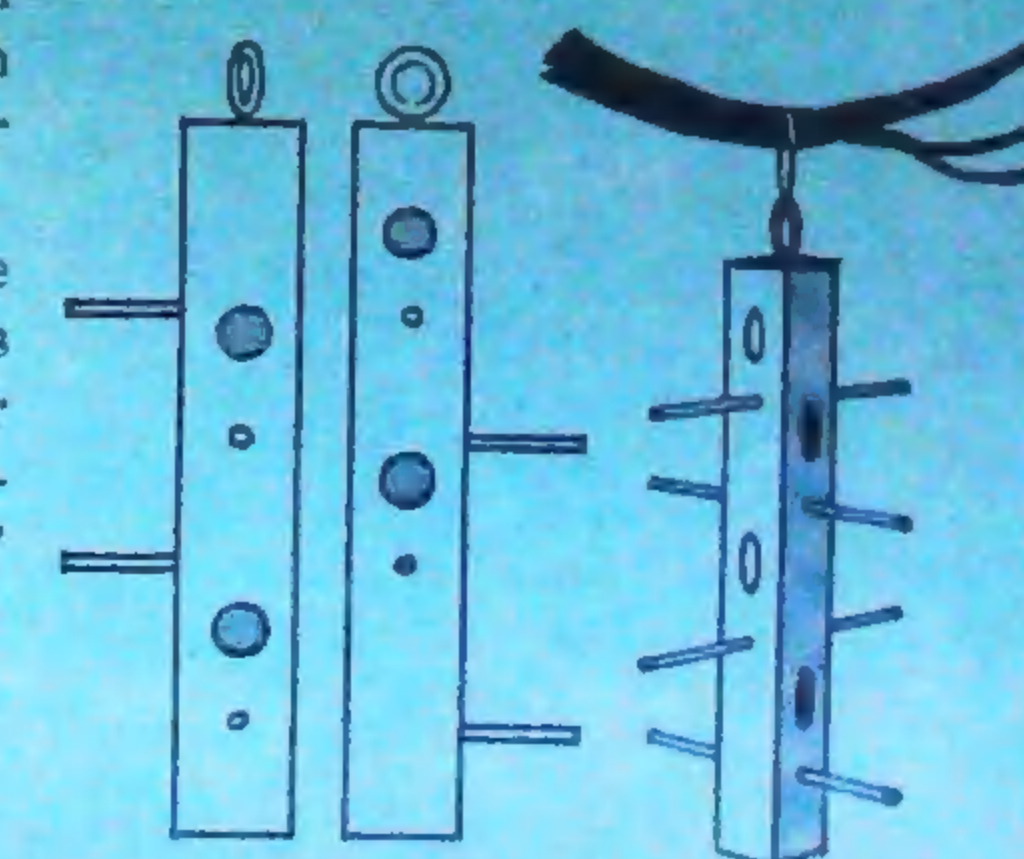
skewer or a very small dowel. Cut the perches 2 inches long. Glue them in place.

Fasten a screw eye in the center of the top for a hanging wire. Stain green or brown.

Leave the feeder outdoors for two or three days until the stain smell is all gone. Then pack each large hole with peanut butter and hang it up.

Now sit back and watch the chickadees and the nuthatches find the feeders. Listen for their "chick-a-dee-dee-dees" and "ank-anks" which say "thank you."

Soon the hairy and downy woodpeckers will fly up and sample the food. Juncos are sure to pay a visit—and cardinals, too, if you are lucky. Even a saucy blue jay will snatch a bite when he thinks no one is looking.



Good-bye!

until next month

